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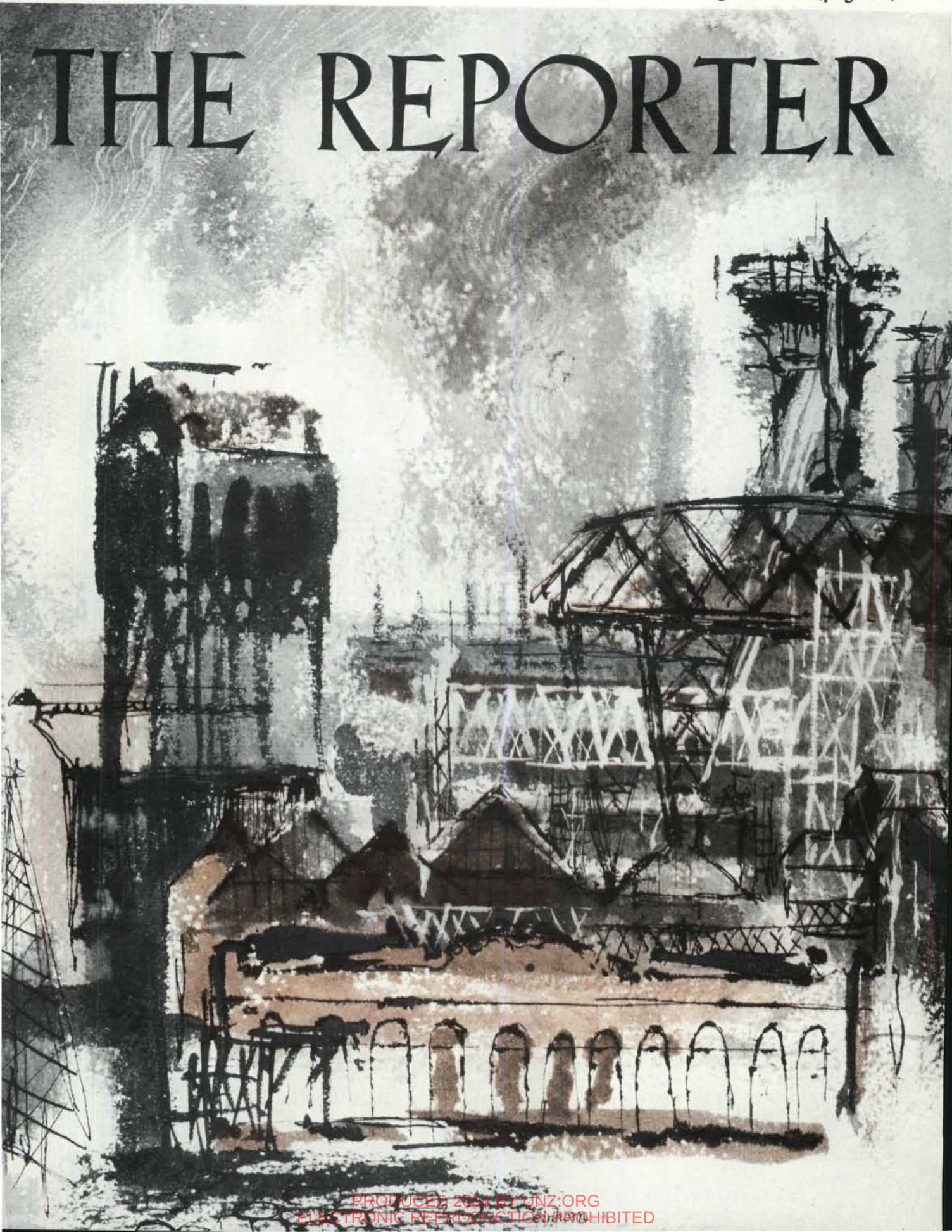
Big Boom Along the Ohio (page 22)

THE REPORTER



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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Pictures from Arkansas

There is a disheartening quality in what one reads in the papers these days. But no news story is half as disheartening as some of the pictures that lately have been making the front pages with haunting regularity. One almost dreads to look at the paper in the morning and start the day that way.

It is not reassuring to read about Syria and the latest Russian missiles and the collapse of the disarmament negotiations in London. There are some papers that offer a relief to their readers by sordidly featuring the sordid stories about *Confidential* magazine. The dispatches from Arkansas and other parts of the South on how American children, black and white, are beginning their school year would be enough to make any decent American unhappy. But the pictures of what happens in and around the Arkansas or Southern schoolhouses are more than one can bear. Yet they keep coming: The work of the cameramen down South is featured by all the newspapers every day, as it deserves to be.

They are all more or less the same kind of pictures. They show lean, adolescent-looking militiamen, rifle in hand, turning Negro children away; or white children leering and yelling at the Negroes. From a photogenic viewpoint, the Negroes turn out much the best. Even the children among them, books in hand, with serious faces, have poise and dignity. Young as they are, they are already familiar with their role as victims of injustice.

The uncomfortable feeling is even stronger when you watch the newsreels and the TV news reports. Those frenzied boys and girls, those awkward-looking militiamen wearing the uniform of our armed forces, must be, by and large, better than they look. They must be just average, but average humanity turns out to be rather beastly, or at least incongruous, when pictured at its meanest. The genius of a De Sica can find among average human beings individuals and postures that are spontaneous yet have the dignity, the representative, communicable quality of art. De Sica could make something out of the Negroes whose pictures we see every day. But the pictures of most of the white youngsters show nothing but thoughtlessness and stupidity in the raw.

Of course these pictures cannot be representative of what the white people in Little Rock, for instance, are like. Yet they are real. Some of the civil and military authorities in Little Rock are very tough on newspaper reporters and on cameramen, as if they were ashamed of the actual reality of what is described and pictured. These authorities try to destroy the mirror that reflects them.

And of course there is another consideration, at least as far as we are concerned, that makes all these front-page pictures unbearable. For these pictures are featured not only in our country but in Paris, in Milan, in Bombay, in Moscow—literally all over the world. The thought of Moscow or of Peking raises the usual question of who is helping Communism the most: those who stir up the troubles in the South or those who report on them. "Go back to Moscow!" the mobsters yell at the newsmen and photographers from the North. Other people are saying that Governor Faubus would not be acting differently if he were following Moscow's instructions.

We must confess that all this talk about the relationship between Communism and the brawls around the Southern schools makes us about as sick as do the pictures on the front page of the morning papers. Why should we regulate our conduct according to what may be said all over the world by the godless Communists, who are our enemies? Rather,

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Now the heart's song is "At last I belong—
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—SEC

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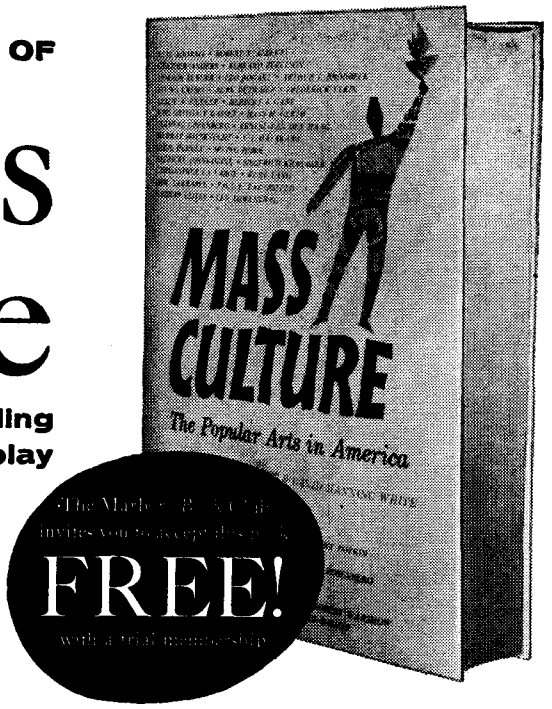

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let's think of all those who have respect for the human conscience and are our friends.

DURING the last few days, it has been said that the Federal government is going to do something. The President has sent a wire to the Governor of Arkansas and, so we hear, FBI men are already on the job, trying to track down how the breaches of the peace occurred and who is responsible for them, so that in due course the Federal authorities, presumably the judicial ones, can take further action. All this is good, of course. Indeed, it is as it should be. But many days and weeks are going to pass while the FBI is investigating and judicial decisions are first taken and then enforced. During all these days and weeks, the newspapers in our country and all over the world are going to carry the same kind of pictures. Somehow, we cannot take our mind off those pictures. Isn't it possible that the harm they are doing could be quickly remedied by some other pictures?

We have in our country men who, if for no other reason than because of their office, can be considered the protagonists of our national life. These men are not camera shy, and some of them have been well coached on how to appear under the TV klieg lights. *Life* magazine published recently a picture of President Eisenhower smiling happily with a Mexican boy at his side. We know we cannot ask too much of the President, but if he would just walk, with a Negro child at his side, through the doorway of a Southern school, then this nightmare—this national disgrace—would come to an end.

In the Vineyard

Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson has apparently decided to put religion to work for his department. He has designated a liaison officer in the Federal Extension Service to inform ministers and priests about the farm programs of the Federal government and to familiarize clergymen with the "changing scene of rural life." The Extension Service has always had the general responsibility of publicizing departmental programs among private organizations, but this is the first time that

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Benson has intervened personally to focus attention on a specific group.

We dropped in on Phillip F. Aylesworth, the man who will handle the new program, and found him swamped by congratulatory letters. He informed us that he is a Republican with twenty-two years' service in government, a Methodist, and the owner of a 140-acre dairy farm in Indiana, whence he hails.

Aylesworth explained that the department had maintained a close relationship with church organizations during 1946-1948 but had let the liaison lapse. Re-establishment of the relationship was discussed recently with the National Council of the Churches of Christ, the National Lutheran Council, and the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. Benson was eager. At first the White House had some reservations, but they were later overcome.

"Rural ministers are one of the most sensitive groups to community needs and one of the most effective channels to improving community welfare," he continued. The new liaison activity was designed "so they could keep current on the resources of the department . . . so these ministers will have the tools to help rural people.

"The entire price-support program has been geared to the big farmers," said Aylesworth a bit apologetically. "Why, even the Soil Bank won't take care of my farm of 140 acres. You see, normally the programs of the department are not reaching down to the lower one-third. Now, the person who is closest to the poorer farmers is the rural minister. We feel he can be a catalyst in bringing in these aids—such things as soil-conservation methods, seed types, spraying methods, research findings, for example."

He shuffled through the letters on his desk. "The Catholics, for example—one of the complaints was that their organizations were getting stuff secondhand much of the time—getting a warped view. We've added them to the mailing list of the department, which they were not on before. Now they'll get the monthly list of publications so they can order the things they need and they'll also receive our weekly press summary."

Aylesworth will work through national church organizations which have "rural life" departments that advise the country clergy. The Mormons have been asked to participate, though according to Aylesworth they are so close-knit that they probably don't need help in keeping their members informed. As for Jewish organizations, Aylesworth didn't know of any.

"There aren't many Jewish farmers. We've asked the National Council of the Churches of Christ to suggest a Jewish organization. If there's a channel, we'll use it. That is, if they're an effective force in the community."

Bottom of the Barrel

The man at the bar in a recent *New Yorker* cartoon who expressed concern about the fallout getting into his beer was casting his anxieties in the wrong direction. AEC Chairman Strauss, from whom all reassurances flow, will no doubt protect our globs of malt as well as he professes to watch over our genes. The danger surely comes from the little-publicized intelligence that a Wisconsin brewery is now trying to make beers taste like a Tom Collins, a gin and tonic, or a glass of punch.

There was a time in the Republic's history when a man could be asked—occasionally with malice—if he wanted an egg in his beer. But this tampering with hop nectar in Wisconsin goes too far. The brewers of the land would be better advised to try and improve the quality of the native brew, whose quality seems to diminish every year in direct proportion to the increase in carbonation.

Prohibition killed the art of brewing in this country, and there is no sense crying into the proverbial glass over the sad fact. But we at least have the right to ask our brewers to leave bad enough alone. Australia, a country whose contributions to mankind have been tennis players and the boomerang, produces a beer which brings tears to the eyes of robust men. Britain, a land cursed with a spiteful climate, adjusts its brews to the seasons and in winter brings forth a product that, in the words of one admirer, can "blow a soft hat through a concrete ceiling." Our brewers spend their time trying to put the man from Schweppes out of his job.

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CORRESPONDENCE

NUCLEAR COUNTERATTACK

To the Editor: Paul H. Nitze's review of Henry A. Kissinger's *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (*The Reporter*, September 5) seems to me not only unnecessarily but somewhat inexplicably severe. Nitze castigates the book as "oversimplified and overdrawn"; he damns it for "implications" (e.g., that we should have fought a preventive war while we held the atomic monopoly) that cannot be fairly read into it; he describes what to others might seem a rational analysis of American foreign policy as an "attack" not only on present but also on past formulators of these policies; he tears some of its arithmetic to pieces, and suggests that Kissinger is trying to convert the United States to the foreign policies of Stalin, Hitler, Mao, Lenin, and Napoleon. Yet Nitze himself neither rejects the book's basic assumption, challenges the deductions drawn from it, nor, in sarcastically demolishing the proposed solution, offers any alternative solution whatever.

Surely Nitze has either overlooked or misconstrued Kissinger's purpose. Kissinger has accepted and proceeded from what now seems the basic postulate of our military foreign policy—that the introduction of the megaton nuclear arsenals has produced a situation in which a resort to maximum force in war must bring about the total destruction or suicide of the combatant societies. Such a situation is unparalleled in all the long history of organized warfare. Like the introduction of a wholly new factor into a familiar mathematical equation, it must alter all the familiar results and the familiar concepts based upon them. With a logic that seems to me quite rigorous, Kissinger attempts to deduce the consequences for international relations which must follow so drastic a modification in what has always been the chief determinant of those relations. His problem is greatly complicated by the fact that, coincidentally with the appearance of the nuclear arsenals, the United States, a conservative and *status quo* power, is facing both revolutionary Communism and revolutionary Asian nationalism, each seeking to play the other against ourselves. But he does not shirk the complexity.

HIS major deduction is that we must consciously adopt a policy of limited war (unless, indeed, we are to accept the desuetude of war itself). So far, both writers seem to be agreed; Nitze observes, at any rate, that "In the nuclear age everyone must be for the limitation of war." But Kissinger goes on to point out that it is not enough "to be for" limited war; one must do something about it. If limited war is to become a practicable method for the regulation of international differences without inevitably exploding into the total war of mass destruction, policy must be shaped positively to that end. There must be far-reaching readjustments of popular attitudes, diplomatic and military methods, and national understanding of what policy goals are still attainable and of what policy reversals may, in the new contexts, have become more bearable than they would once have seemed.

This whole aspect of the analysis has a brilliance and persuasiveness to which Nitze surely gives too little credit. Kissinger's exposition of the grand strategy of an age of limited war is compelling. It is only when he comes to the $64,000 question—the question of how, tactically, limited war can be kept limited, given the existence of the nuclear arsenals—that he seems to fail. His conclusion is that such wars not only may but must be fought with "tactical" nuclear weapons introduced into the conventional forces, and he attempts a model of a war of this character. It is unjust of Nitze to say of this: "I can see little purpose in making every war, even a limited war, a nuclear one," as if that were Kissinger's "purpose."

The crux of the problem lies precisely in how to do it. But here it is neither unjust nor irrelevant to point out that Kissinger's answer—an essentially conventional war to which tactical atomic weapons have been added—is too filled with operational inconsistency and improbability to be acceptable. In justice to Kissinger it might be said that none of the other suggested models—the pentomic division, the airborne army, and so on—seem to the layman any more realistic. As Nitze says, "The debate must go on." But in stressing the want of finality in Kissinger's conclusions, it does seem that one might recognize the major character of his contribution to that debate.

WALTER MILLIS
Glen Head, New York

THE FOUR-DAY WEEK

To the Editor: Robert Bendiner's article in *The Reporter* for August 8, "Could You Stand a Four-Day Week?," is the most comprehensive and balanced treatment of the subject that we have seen in a long time.

The National Recreation Association agrees that the problem of the new leisure calls for a fresh concept of how to help people develop *all* their potential interests and capabilities. The true test of a democracy, after all, is what we do when no one tells us what to do.

You may be interested to know also that the association, which pioneered in helping communities plan for basic recreation needs, is now seeking to enlist support for pilot projects that will lead people to the fullest possible use of the time that so often hangs heavy on their hands. If we succeed in this endeavor—and we believe we shall, just as we have succeeded in the past—the answer to Mr. Bendiner's question will be a hearty "Yes."

JOSEPH PRENDERGAST
Executive Director
National Recreation Association
New York

To the Editor: One point in Robert Bendiner's well-researched article perhaps deserves further discussion.

If we can believe recent articles on the medical profession, the medical schools are not producing doctors in proportion to existing needs in spite of qualified applicants for three reasons—lack of personnel, religious and ethnic-group quota systems, and a philosophy of limiting numbers that would be more suitable for a static population in a depression period. Every survey of teacher needs I have seen comes to the same conclusion: Teachers are not being produced as fast as babies. Even with television and other aids, the numbers in the classroom will probably be larger, the discipline more heartbreaking, the hours longer. (Those who think teachers already have a thirty-hour week should try teaching!)

Perhaps overwork for the professionals, who are among the most intelligent members of our society, is a more serious problem than underwork for skilled and unskilled workers. What kind of culture will we have when those who are best able to use leisure creatively will have the least leisure to use?

ROBERT T. TAYLOR
Butte, Montana

CULTURE IN THE ROCKIES

To the Editor: I have read with interest and gratification William Harlan Hale's article about Aspen, "Culture with a Sun Tan High in the Rockies," in the August 8 issue of *The Reporter*. He has given an excellent account of the cultural activities here, and we are all naturally most gratified that his impression of them was generally so favorable.

With no thought of being in the least critical of the piece, I wonder whether I might be permitted to point out an omission that I feel I should correct in fairness to the individual involved. Nowhere in the article is the name of Izler Solomon mentioned, and without his presence here we would be in great difficulty to maintain the high standard of music which we believe we have enjoyed. Mr. Solomon is Festival Director and Conductor. In addition to conducting the orchestra, he is responsible for all the programming. We believe that he is one of the finest conductors in this country today, if not the finest, and his contribution to the festival here is immense.

COURTLANDT D. BARNES, JR.
Aspen Music Festival
and Music School
Aspen, Colorado

VISUAL PLEASURE

To the Editor: Much as I enjoy the lively and informative reading matter that makes every number valuable, I am writing in praise of a feature I have yet to see mentioned in your correspondence—your art work. As an artist in a small way, I am glad to see a magazine that still uses artists' work when so many have nothing but photographs. Your covers are good examples of appropriate use of "modern" techniques, and the little cuts scattered through the reading matter are delightful. I would like to see you give name credits for the latter along with the authors.

Thank you for the visual pleasure your magazine provides.

CATHERINE S. TUTTLE
Monrovia, California

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in conversation with

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at her home in Hyde Park this summer

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WHO—

WHAT—

WHY—

THE LATEST Russian announcement on missiles is in itself a very serious matter, and it is rendered even more serious when we consider that the American Presidency—as **Max Ascoli** states in his editorial—is being put in mothballs. This point is developed by **Sidney Hyman,** who is the author of *The American President.*

In the issue of August 8, **Edmond Taylor,** our European Correspondent, sent good news from France but warned that increased productivity was bringing French finances to a period of crisis. The illness he foresaw is now acute and there is some doubt as to whether the doctor in charge—Finance Minister Gaillard—will cure the patient, if, indeed, he is not taken off the case before his prescription has been carried out. . . . Our readers will not have forgotten the two-part article that Staff Writer **Paul Jacobs** wrote on Jimmy Hoffa (January 24 and February 7) before the name of the Teamsters' leader broke into the news in a big way. Once again Mr. Jacobs has had an opportunity to talk with Mr. Hoffa. He finds that while the troubles Hoffa has been through have left a mark, he still remains fundamentally the same—white socks included. . . . **Ray Alan,** who has contributed many articles on the Middle East, describes a rather unsavory episode in British-Arab relations. Now that our State Department is trying to play big brother to the Arabs it is devoutly to be hoped that it will not make similar mistakes. . . . There is a big boom along the Ohio River and **William H. Hessler,** who lives and works in the region—on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*—writes about it. . . . Some of the regulatory agencies established by the New Deal have now, under the Republican administration, become quite chummy with the business interests they are supposed to regulate. Our Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** reports on the case of the FCC. . . . **David Hotham,** who covers the Far East for the London *Times* and the *Economist,* reviews the record of U.S. aid to Vietnam.

Dean Acheson has not up to now been known primarily as a critic of popular culture. For more reasons than one we should be glad to have the opportunity of publishing as good an article on a similar subject by his successor. . . . **Heinrich Boll** is a well-known German novelist. . . . **Barbara Vereker** is a British political journalist and film critic. . . . **Lewis Galantière** is associated with the Free Europe Committee. . . . Two of **George R. Clay's** short stories appeared in Martha Foley's *Best Short Stories of 1956.*

Our cover is by **Benjamin Einhorn.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Russia Raises the Ante

THE Russians announce it at a time of their choosing: They have successfully tested—so they say—a missile fit to span the distance between their country and ours. They tell us: We are ahead of you in the development of these things, and your cities will soon be within the range of weapons fired from our land. On our side few if any people dismiss the Russian announcement as just propaganda, though the President, like Harry Truman at the time the first Russian atom bomb was exploded, has shown a pronounced incredulity.

The power game between ourselves and the Russians is being played with this kind of chips. There is a relationship of near trust or limited distrust between the two sides, based mainly on the assumption that what one has today the other will have tomorrow, if he hasn't got it already. In the latest case the bare announcement by the Russians seems to confirm what our intelligence service has known for some weeks. On several occasions we have chosen to publicize the Russians' achievements. This time they have done it themselves, and used the commentaries of our press as news that *Pravda* sees fit to print.

This missile may or may not sometime be capped by a nuclear warhead; it may never, even if fired, reach our shores; it may never become "operational." The Russian leaders know only too well that if, in this particular sector, they are ahead of us now, our technology will soon catch up with theirs, just as Russian technology has been catching up with ours. The Russian leaders certainly had no doubt about this: By announcing their primacy, they have greatly contributed to reducing the span of its duration.

Each of the chips with which the power game is being played is a portent of things to come within an unspecified yet narrow span of time. But since the game is played within the present, so the gains are made in the present.

We are the ones who started the game—the latest contribution to the eternal quest for substitutes for war, although it may turn out not to be the safest. We were the first to use the images of ultimate weapons to deter Russian aggression, and for several years we thought that our monopoly on these weapons was our main answer to Communism.

From the fall of 1949, the Russians started putting their own chips on the table and the game was begun. It was by no means the only one in which they were engaged, for they never stopped their maneuvers to obstruct and outstrip our diplomacy by copying, in their own perverse way, all our most successful devices —from foreign aid to NATO. But certainly in a game where the chips are the images of ultimate weapons they exhibited particular skill—or luck.

That was the very field in which we had collected an imposing number of firsts: first with the A-bomb, first with the means of delivery, first with SAC, first with a large family of atomic weapons. But since the Russians started competing with us, the number of our firsts has been declining. Our present Chief of Staff, General Twining, has been very emphatic in pointing out the Russian advances, particularly in long-range bombers. These imitators of ours have proved to be singularly adept in the field of weapons technology.

Another of our military leaders, General Norstad, has stated that even after the Soviet development of an intercontinental ballistic missile "the advantage rests, and will continue to rest, incontrovertibly with the NATO powers because of their clear superiority in manned aircraft." The Russians undoubtedly are aware of this superiority of ours, and they now let us know that it may have but a short time to run.

They can well afford to humiliate us by showing that at least in one vital sector our vaunted talent in technological inventiveness and organization has turned out to be—at least for a while—inferior to theirs. They have now put their latest image of the ultimate-weapon-to-come on the table, for they are entirely confident that the present American leaders—or, for that matter, any other set of leaders that might conceivably come to power—could never call their hand.

The Russians have dared us, with full knowledge that they can do it with impunity. They themselves may not be too anxious to plunge into a conflict where both sides run the risk —to use a recently coined word—of "overkilling" each other. But we can by no means be sure that, were they ever to enjoy an advantage of short duration comparable to the one we are enjoying now, they would exhibit the same restraint.

FOR THIS RESTRAINT, no commendation or plaudits are due us: Being the people we are, we could not do otherwise. But it is not reassuring to think that, at best, the game will go on indefinitely, with bigger and bigger chips thrown on the table—a game that we started and from which we cannot conceivably drop out. Moreover, it is exactly at this time that the institution designed for the supreme guidance of our country—the Presidency—is being put in mothballs.

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The Eisenhower Glow Is Fading Away

SIDNEY HYMAN

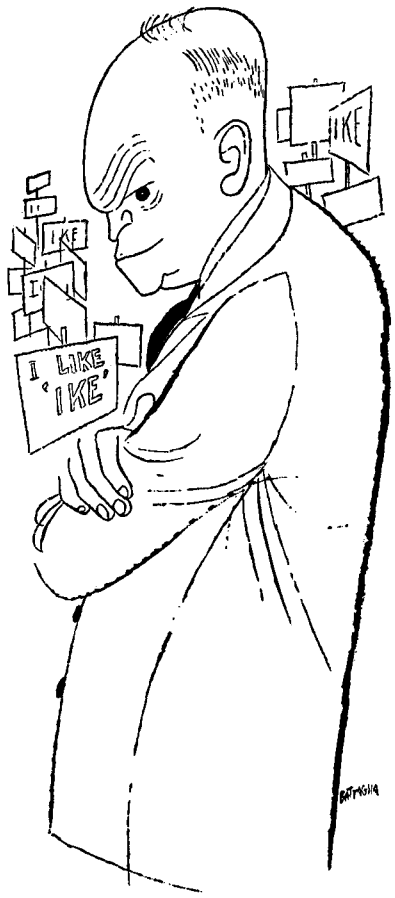
DURING President Eisenhower's first term, it was orthodox to say that he was a man of good will who stood above party as a President of all the people. Moreover, he streamlined the Executive, restored the dignity of the Presidency, and put a halt to Executive usurpations of power. He cleaned up the mess in Washington, checked the drift toward socialism, and made Congress a full partner in running the government. Abstaining from any dictation, but by co-operation and conciliation, he healed the wounds of a divided nation, modernized the Republican Party, and averted nuclear warfare.

While these things were intoned as in a church ritual—the irreverent called it "Ikonology"—the nation basked in the Eisenhower "glow" as it once did in that of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Not that the interplay between the leaders and the led was the same for the two Presidencies. In Roosevelt's case, the national mood, had it found a voice, might have said: "Though a great crisis is in being, Roosevelt with the help of forces rallied around his person, will move out to subdue it." And in Eisenhower's case: "So long as this man is in being as the mystical embodiment of our own desire for non-involvement, there will be no great crisis."

The auras that emanated from these two men were both very bright, but they were also very different The differences were between a choice for government by action as against government by noble intention; between a view of "partisan politics" as a creative force and a wish to migrate out of politics entirely. They were, furthermore, the differences between the idea that government exists to compose the conflicts that are natural to man and the idea that conflicts exist among men because government is unnatural.

Big Promise, Big Backdown

In November of 1956, while trouble blazed elsewhere, the Eisenhower glow won him a second term by a great amen. Yet soon afterward, a change of tone and perspective set in, a change from faith to doubt to disbelief to what had once seemed unthinkable—outright opposition.



For the first time, the Hero-President was no longer spared Congressional thrusts. Mr. Eisenhower's truthfulness; his lofty neutrality between justice and injustice; his uncoupling of all links between yesterday, today, and tomorrow; his angelic view that personality is no part of politics; his soliloquies ballooning with cosmic bubble gum—these, and more, were questioned or ridiculed in ways once reserved for the lesser figures in his camp. His role in political matters at the focus of national attention no longer met with automatic panegyrics on the theme of "Ike's sure political instincts." Now, more frequently, they met with angry variations on the theme of a President whose sudden shifts from the Big Promise to the Big Backdown underlay a new "mess in Washington."

Among the most sober members of Congress, Republicans and Democrats alike, the idea took hold that while there was little to fear in opposing Mr. Eisenhower, one could come to real grief at the President's own hands by supporting him. Hence the safe middle course was to arrive at one's own conclusions as if the Presidency itself, lying vacant, was incapable of generating motion.

Those who came to this view recalled how in various legislative fights they had risked trouble in their constituencies by rallying to Mr. Eisenhower's side either because he *was* the President or because of his plea that such and such a measure was urgent. Yet when the battle for enactment was in full tilt, they were to discover—so they said—that Mr. Eisenhower was not fully aware of what his proposed measure really meant, or that he cared little about

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its ultimate fate, or that he led the retreat from victory when it was in sight, or that he privately favored the side that was openly hostile to what he said he wanted done.

The net effect was confessed by Mr. Eisenhower at his press conference of August 21. Asked to appraise the course of legislation in the first seven months of his second term, he said he was "tremendously disappointed" that Congress either rejected most of his recommendations or did not bother even to refer them to a committee for a hearing. This is not to imply, as did the President, that nothing was done or that proposals full of intrinsic worth were kicked in the stomach by malicious legislators. (The enactment of the civil-rights legislation alone quiets that implication.) It is to imply that from a Congressional standpoint, the President had become a secondary figure in the political process.

IT WOULD BE absurd to say that from now on things cannot improve for Mr. Eisenhower. Fortune being the restless thing it is and the Presidency being what it is, a President is never quite down until he is out of the White House. Besides, the inclination to say that the emperor is naked is clearly evident only in Washington, where legislators and the press corps see Mr. Eisenhower at close range. In the country at large, most editors and publishers continue to adorn Mr. Eisenhower's image with the golden threads of make-believe. Not so much so as in the first term, but enough so that if Mr. Eisenhower were to run for re-election tomorrow, he would probably sweep the country again.

Still, for all this, one has an uneasy sense that as of now Mr. Eisenhower is trapped, and also that as he grows older and less capable of sustained effort, only his legendary luck can keep him from being overwhelmed. One should quickly add that if Mr. Eisenhower does in fact suffer what seems in prospect during the rest of his term, it ought not to be a cause for rejoicing among men who are his political opponents. What happens to a President these days happens to more than one man. Good or bad, the effect penetrates the whole frame of government in Washington, of American life beyond, and of the wide world beyond that.

His Own Petard

The salient element in Mr. Eisenhower's entrapment (so it seems to me, at least) is the image he himself helped to build up from 1952 to

1956. Whether or not it was a true reflection of his inner self or was a mask he and the people jointly imposed on his natural features, it is by now so firmly fixed that it has become the only element of continuity in all that he does or fails to do. If he tried to cast it off and behave in any other way, he would be unrecognizable—would, in fact, seem a heretic bent on usurping and profaning the place held by the "real Eisenhower."

To illustrate: Assume a case where Mr. Eisenhower's requests for funds are justified by pressing reasons involving the highest interests of state. Assume next that Congress will tend to vote a sum far below the amounts asked for by the President. So far below, in fact, that Congress's action appears to menace the nation's security.

In such circumstances, can Mr. Eisenhower belatedly launch an all-out counteroffensive with the object of saving the perilous situation? Can he suddenly unfurl the Presidential flag of an eagle whose talons hold the arrows of war as well as an olive branch? He cannot, because his distinctive standard held aloft for four years showed not an eagle but cherubim and seraphim soaring in the firmament. Whatever his personal choice, Mr. Eisenhower must remain in the company of the cherubim and seraphim—even if the ultimate result is a personal tragedy that affects the whole nation, the whole world.

Disengagement and retreat are the maximum achievements possible under a Presidency whose assumptions are those engrafted on the nation's psyche during Mr. Eisenhower's first term. Indeed, if one looks closely at the essence of his first-term fame, it consisted in *not* doing what Republican theory implied would be done while Mr. Eisenhower's own 1952 victory was being engineered, and later while it was being consolidated.

HIS achievements were in *not* dismantling the whole edifice of New Deal-Fair Deal social legislation, in *not* going to war on the Chinese mainland, in *not* being drawn into the conflict in Indo-China, in *not* talking as though we were about to drop the hydrogen bomb on Moscow. Even the "Summit" Conference at Geneva and the Eisenhower Doctrine had this bent. At the conference, President Eisenhower's role as peacemaker was to persuade the world that the long history of Republican fulminations about nuclear war was actually nothing but an acoustical freak which Mr. Eisenhower would end. And the doctrine only institutionalized the practice of placing America's foreign policy in an ambiance of fluid negativism—in this case by giving people who are not Americans the right to say when America can move to defend its own vital interests in the Middle East.

Besides his own benign image, there is a second element that enters into Mr. Eisenhower's peril. It is his inclination—as well as that of those deputized to act in his name—to locate the cause for the disorder of the past eight months outside the administration's orbit.

Mr. Eisenhower, for one, seems to locate the cause in historical precedent. At recent press conferences, he has argued by indirection that what has occurred during the

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past months was a delayed yet time-honored use of a President as the blameless scapegoat on whom the nation's citizens can lay the guilt of private and public sins. Even so great a President as George Washington was cruelly maligned during his second term, so the comparatively "weak and inconsequential" attacks on his own Presidency are nothing to get excited about. Mr. Eisenhower went on to say that he personally was "quite philosophical about it," knowing that his "own general program is the best that could have been devised."

His deputies, meanwhile, locate the cause in the Constitution and in the opposition Democratic Party. They say that since a third term is barred to Mr. Eisenhower by the new Twenty-second Amendment, the impending end to his power to reward and punish weakens his authority to command right now. They also say that since the Democrats are in control of Congress, what we are seeing is merely the delayed proof of the prophecy President Eisenhower himself made on the eve of the 1954 Congressional elections: that a Democratic Congress would result in "uncertainty, confusion, and divided responsibility."

The Shell of Truth

The explanations have a solid feel. But give them a rap, and the shell of truth collapses.

In the first place, it does not follow that because Washington was unjustly attacked, all his Presidential successors were also attacked without cause. Some of them—Buchanan, Grant, and Hoover—were attacked with good cause. It was *their* refusal to recognize the justice in the attacks that worked untold injury to the nation. If Mr. Eisenhower, therefore, is to engage in the perilous business of having history explain and expiate his present conduct, he ought to show cause why the precedent chosen should be that of Washington rather than, say, Grant.

In the second place, to argue that the Twenty-second Amendment and a Congress controlled by the opposition party automatically explain away the failures of the Executive is to read American history as it never happened. The historical truth is that most past Presidents, operating under an unwritten limitation that was just about as strict as the new written ban, did not lose control of their party immediately upon taking a second oath of office. Indeed, at least two of them—Jefferson and Jackson—retained and used decisive powers in party matters for years after they left the White House.

As for Congress, one would almost think from the way the case has been portrayed that Mr. Eisenhower was the first President who ever had to deal with a legislature controlled by an opposition party. The fact is that seven Presidents have faced nine Congresses of which both chambers were in opposition hands, while twelve have had to reckon with fourteen Congresses in which either a House or a Senate was controlled by the opposition. Moreover, except for Washington and Grant, not one of them came to the Presidency, as did General Eisenhower, with a hero's place in universal history already won. Or to put it differently, not one of them had his aura of timelessness as a source of power to help get things done here and now.

Was each of these a case of Presidential collapse? It would be hard to explain how we managed to survive as a nation if our government machinery was out of commission so much of the time. Moreover, whatever the composition of Congress and the Executive may be, to suggest that in any case where they differ on policy Congress is always wrong and the Executive is always right is to imply the need for a heroic remedy: Let Congress be abolished altogether, since it is always wrong. But this would surely be an unusual suggestion if it came from an administration that prided itself on having restored Congress to its rightful place in the government.

The White House Arsenal

Finally, in cases where a Congress of one party and an Executive of another were at odds, it was not a remorseless law of nature that the President had to lose control of events in motion or that his clarity of line and purpose had to be effaced. What often ruled the outcome of defensive or offensive operations conducted by the President was the character of the President himself. It was whether he was ready, if necessary, to fight his battle single-handed, not counting on any help until he won at least the first round. It was whether he understood how and when to use the full arsenal of weapons that comes with the White House. It was whether the history of previous encounters was such that when he threatened to use those weapons, people knew he meant it. It was whether his own ideas were strong enough to become the source of a political consciousness in the nation—so that even if he did go down to a personal defeat, as Woodrow Wilson eventually did, the cause he embodied would nevertheless prevail in the end.

One need not go back to the triumphs of Polk, Hayes, and Cleveland—won in the face of handicaps as great as if not greater than any seen in the present composition of Congress. We have but to recall from recent memory the case of Harry S. Truman and the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress. True, that "good-for-nothing, do-nothing Republican Congress" defeated Mr. Truman on a number of domestic issues. But what did he do to that Congress in turn, and to the nation through that Congress? The prodigy is not that he used it to get himself elected President in 1948. The prodigy is that during the preceding eighteen months Mr. Truman exacted from this same opposition Congress approval for a revolutionary turn in American foreign policy, expressed in the Marshall Plan and the Greek-Turkish aid program.

But let analogies make war on

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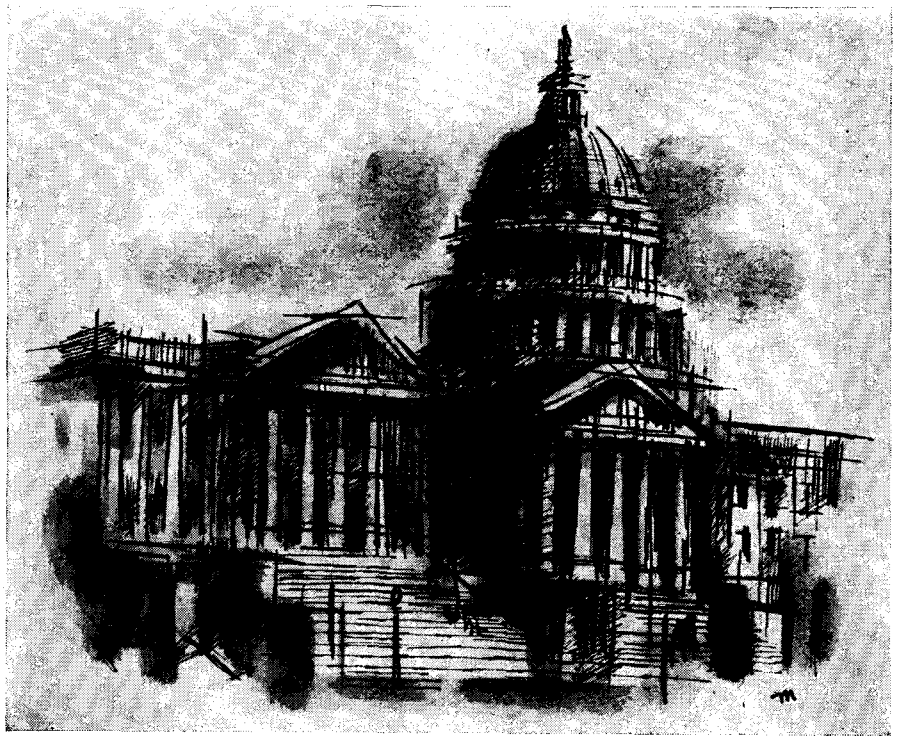

analogies. For the President and his deputies to blame the disorders of the past months on events outside the Eisenhower orbit is to ignore what actually took place inside it.

Not by Breath Alone

After the instinctive rallying of the national will to the side of the President under the shock of the Suez crisis, Congress saw that peace was not to be secured by amulets alone; that the Eisenhower administration, because of its policies, shared the guilt of the distant event. And then again, in the administration's ascent to the heights of morality where it brandished the threat of sanctions against Israel, it was seen that the President was more attached to hollow values than to realities that could help the United States in its own contest with Colonel Nasser. And meanwhile, domestically, Mr. Eisenhower's mere being was losing its magic as the guarantor of prosperity: One of the sharpest inflationary rises from a given base point in American history took place during the first eight months of 1957.

To compound this national disorder, there followed the monumental confusion President Eisenhower produced in his articulation of the national budget. Here is a document that is meant to express as nothing else does a unified vision of what an administration thinks must be preserved, enlarged, diminished, or inaugurated in the national interest—a broad estimate of where the nation stands and where it ought to go. Moreover, that the preparation of this document should rest with the President is expressive of the fact that he is in a much better position to relate the parts to the whole than any senators or representatives could possibly be.

But what actually happened with the Eisenhower budget of $71.8 billion for fiscal 1958? In its first form, the budget contained all the trimmings that go with modern Republicanism. This led to a violent outcry from the non-modernists in the party who have always believed that Big Budgets (which mean Big Taxes) are an aberration to be expected only from profligate Democrats. In the absence of any persuasive instruction from their chief, the non-modernists were not prepared to see that Big Budgets go with a Big America having Big Responsibilities.

To the echo of their outrage, Mr. Eisenhower now turned around. In an act without parallel in the history of the Presidency, he gave Congress an ax and told it to go ahead and cut his canvas as much as it could. Indeed, said he, Congress had a positive duty to do so if it felt that the use of an ax could improve the over-all effect.

As the sound of the ripping increased in volume, the modernists among the Republicans were given their turn to be outraged. It now appeared to them that it was an abuse of language to talk of an "Eisenhower wing" of the Republican Party. It seemed to them that their hero had turned out to be basically a Taft Republican. If Mr. Eisenhower went through the motions of being an Eisenhower Republican, for the sake of appearance, he only did so with a penitent heart.

The Phone Never Rang

Meanwhile, confusion bred confusion in Washington. President Eisenhower called his school-construction program a "major goal" of his administration. To this end, on January 28 he sent Congress a $2-billion four-year emergency plan. The House Education and Labor Committee approved of it in the main, except for an important amendment it adopted on the initiative of the Democratic members. Where the administration's program would have allocated Federal funds to the states on the basis of "need," the Democratic amendment provided that they should be distributed on the basis of the state's school-age population.

On May 24, the President said that this amendment had his "full support." After that, however, he began a steady retreat; and as his ardor cooled, the prospects of getting any sort of bill enacted declined progressively. Thus on July 23, when the House debate on the school-construction measure began, several Republican House members who favored the bill tried in vain to get through to the President to let him know that only he could save the measure. To prevent the bill's defeat, the Democratic leaders in the House declared that they would favor a new amendment one of their number had just introduced. What it represented was a total capitulation by the Democrats to the administration's formula for allocating Federal school-construction funds.

And still there was no reaction from the White House, though a telephone line from the Republican cloakroom was kept open in the hope that a friendly word would be

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spoken at the other end. None was. On July 25, the measure came to a vote on a point of parliamentary procedure and was killed by 208 to 203. Among those who voted to kill it were three administration chieftains: Charles Halleck of Indiana, assistant Republican leader of the House, Leslie Arends, Republican whip, and Leo E. Allen, ranking Republican on the Rules Committee, both of Illinois. Had there been any urging from the White House, it is conceivable that these three men alone could have formed the margin of victory. But there was no such urging. The only thing to be heard on July 26 was the word that President Eisenhower was "greatly disappointed" because the House had not passed a school-construction bill.

But the real shock came at Mr. Eisenhower's press conference of July 31. When he was reminded that the Democrats had dropped their proposed change and were prepared to support a school-construction bill exactly as he himself had wanted, Mr. Eisenhower replied: "I never heard of that. If that is true, why you are telling me something I never heard." The fact that he had never heard that important bit of information is a damning indictment of the army staff system Mr. Eisenhower has imposed on the *political* office of the Presidency—an arrangement by which the President is at the mercy of his subordinates, seeing and knowing only what they tell him. Under the system by which his two immediate predecessors operated, it was the President himself who scouted the terrain of battle, it was the President who was in command at the front position as well as at general headquarters.

A Soldier at Sea

The record on civil-rights legislation was no more reassuring. From an initial position that there was nothing in the measure that was "inimical to the interests of anyone," he moved to the position that "there were certain phrases in it that [he] didn't understand"; and from there, to the position that he would welcome any clarifications that would "keep the measure an effective piece of legislation"; and from there, to the position that he was "bitterly disappointed" by the passage of the civil-rights bill with the jury-trial proviso.

In the course of this drift, he left behind a trail of sputtering anger, first from the Southerners; then from the Northern liberals who wanted a so-called "strong bill"; then from the Northern liberals who wanted a workable bill; and then from the Senate as a whole, which prided itself on having passed a bill without exacerbating the feelings of any section.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S handling of defense appropriations seriously undermined Congressional confidence that, whatever else you might say about him, he certainly knows military affairs. Briefly, what he did was to submit four different versions of a defense budget:

¶ His first opinion was expressed in the $36.1-billion Department of Defense budget submitted to Congress in January.

¶ After the House had cut this amount by $2.6 billion, President Eisenhower tacitly agreed that $1.4 billion of his original defense budget was not essential in the fiscal year. But he went on radio and television to plead for a restoration of at least $1.2 billion. Not to restore it, he said, would be "taking a fearful gamble." He said that he had seen before the "terrible consequences" of unwise military cuts, and didn't want the United States to go down that "foolhardy road" again.

¶ In response to this plea, the Senate restored $1 billion of the cut made by the House. Moreover, in compliance with administration appeals, Senators Stuart Symington (D., Missouri) and Leverett Saltonstall (R., Massachusetts) went into a Senate-House conference determined to fight for the largest sum the Pentagon could get.

¶ But coincidentally with this, the administration informed Congress that it really didn't need all the money. In fact, the Defense Department could get along with just $34.3 billion—$1.8 billion less than President Eisenhower had originally asked for, and almost half a billion dollars less than he had described as an absolute minimum in his television broadcast of May 14. Under the circumstances, the Senate advocates of strong armed forces had no chance whatever in the Senate-House conference over the defense budget. The House cuts remained almost as they had originally been made, and the final appropriation was $33.7 billion.

THERE ARE TIMES when *not* doing things is as conducive to public health as rest is to the health of the human body. But we seem to have arrived at an hour when such merit as there may have been in restful abstention is drawing to an end. The legacy of active policy inherited from the Democrats has the melancholy tinkle of a tin bin that is nearly empty. New deeds for a new day seem to be demanded. Yet there is little likelihood that Mr. Eisenhower will be able to lead us into the new day.

He cannot act as a strong party leader or as the center of a political alignment around which national opinion can rally—for the simple reason that he is supposed to be above party and partisanship. He cannot even adhere to any one position for very long because that means decision. Decision means a choice among possible alternatives and that means saying "No" to somebody—which might offend them. And should they be offended, it would mean that Mr. Eisenhower would cease to be a President of all the people. He would sink to becoming merely the President of the majority of the people—along with Truman, the two Roosevelts, Wilson, Lincoln, Jackson, Jefferson, and, yes, even Washington.

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AT HOME & ABROAD

M. Gaillard's Diagnosis Of France's Financial Fever

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

FRANCE is suffering from two disorders that are commonly associated with an expanding economy. They are overconsumption—which on the other side of the Atlantic is by some considered a sure sign of economic health—and overinvestment in domestic expansion. France's vigorous young finance minister, Félix Gaillard, believes that both these evils will be mitigated if the French can restrict their consumption, particularly of imported goods, and redirect the flow of investment into foreign ventures.

A few weeks ago, on the same day that his ministry announced a new program of price fixing to combat inflation at home, the French papers carried an item that illustrated the aggressive spirit in which Gaillard is tackling the foreign-trade deficit that lies at the bottom of the nation's present financial difficulties: An economic commission made up of both private businessmen and government officials and headed by Henri Rochereau, chairman of the Senate Economic Affairs Committee, was setting out for Peking, to negotiate the participation of French engineering and electrical firms in the Chinese Five-Year Plan. If the negotiations succeed, France's share in Communist China's economic development, according to Senator Rochereau, will include building a giant dam across the Yellow River—only slightly less spectacular than Nasser's proposed High Dam at Aswan—with a related hydroelectric and phosphate plant. The whole enterprise, comparable in scale to French engineering projects already under way in Latin America and Southeast Asia, would involve French credits to Communist China of at least $70 million.

Parsimony and Expansion

In terms of Gaillard's program for parsimony at home and economic expansion abroad, the pilgrimage to Peking is strictly logical. Along with his partially camouflaged devaluation of the franc by twenty per cent, it is part of his campaign to stimulate the export of French goods and services in order to bring in the foreign currencies that France must pay out for essential imports. The Yellow River contract, if the French finally get it, will presumably achieve this objective, although from a financial viewpoint it might appear that France could have selected a more profitable area, since China is even poorer than France in convertible currencies.

Besides stanching the hemorrhage of foreign currencies and gold caused by the foreign-trade deficit, Gaillard wants to discourage consumption at home in order to keep prices from soaring out of sight. The Yellow River project should help here, too, because it will divert to China credits for raw materials and technical skills that otherwise might have been invested in the economic development of certain parts of France itself—mostly south of the Loire.

From the viewpoint of the western world, it might seem a better idea for the United States to lend gold on the condition that France forget about the Yellow River and devote the franc counterpart to developing the economic dustbowl south of the Loire. But this kind of thinking has become outmoded with the Marshall Plan. The French are constantly being told by spokesmen for the Eisenhower administration and other orthodox-minded foreign friends that their financial difficulties are due almost solely to self-indulgence. The surprising thing is that a great many Frenchmen have come to believe it. "An effective policy aimed at reducing consumption must be accompanied at the same time by restrictive price increases and restrictive taxes," complains the influential Catholic daily *La Croix*, which, like some of Gaillard's other critics, feels that his austerity is not yet austere enough. The present emphasis on expanding exports and squeezing imports at any cost is a direct outgrowth of this state of mind.

THE FOREIGN-TRADE drive got off to a brilliant start. *De facto* devaluation of the franc helped it, but other features of Gaillard's carefully thought-out plan designed to protect exporters from currency and

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internal price fluctuations have been even more important. "French exporters are the only ones in Europe who can afford to sign twelve-month contracts at fixed prices with no escalator clause for currency fluctuations," a well-informed Swiss businessman told me. "As a result the French have all their European competitors—including the Germans—tearing their hair."

The French, who have never lost their solid commercial bridgehead in Latin America, are now beginning to take orders away from American competitors there. They likewise are threatening the privileged British position in India, where a European consortium dominated by French interests recently won a contract to supply Indian railroads with some $75 million worth of French-designed locomotives.

Putting aside political and strategic inhibitions, which until a few weeks ago ruled French commercial policy in the Orient, France now hopes to be the first western power to score a major economic penetration of Communist China. As the big French industrial firms are forced by Gaillard's complex system of incentives and penalties to neglect the domestic market and concentrate on export, the impact of French competition will be felt more and more sharply throughout the world.

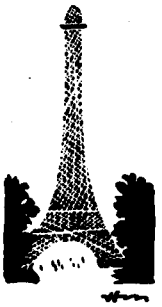
THIS FOREIGN expansion is supported and enforced by rather crude restrictions on imports, which Gaillard hopes to cut by some twenty-five per cent. Some adjustment will no doubt be necessary in the dollar zone, where, thanks in part to stiff U.S. tariffs and the dumping of American farm products abroad, France was able in the first seven months of 1957 to sell only a little more than a third as much as it imported. But on the Continent, France's determination to sell more than its neighbors, while buying less from them, seriously threatens the whole policy of European integration upon which the United States has lavished so much money and effort.

Even more risky than quotas and other direct restrictions on imports, which are presumably temporary emergency measures, is the French government's campaign against home consumption. It has been undertaken at a particularly unfortunate moment, just as European industrialists, traders, and advertisers are beginning to draw up their long-range plans for exploiting the European Common Market when it comes into being next year. Though some foreign comments on the French crisis give the impression that the nation has been on a wild buying spree, the fact is that even today advertising and merchandising techniques for stimulating consumption are less developed in France than in most other European countries.

The European-minded and expansionist Bourgès-Maunoury government is well aware of the undesirable side effects of its emergency financial program, but it is convinced that it has no choice. Fantastic as it seems, there were even fears for a while that speculation and other temporary factors would drain France's foreign-currency reserves and leave the nation unable to honor end-of-the-month obligations, cutting off imports and essential raw materials without which its factories would have to close.

A Turn in the Tide

Gaillard's sophisticated and flexible program is designed to satisfy the requirements of a monetary balance sheet without stalling France's economic expansion; at least temporarily, it has been successful. But the final success of Gaillard's policy as he inches along the politico-economic tightrope, swaying first toward industry and then toward labor while bowing now and then toward farmers and housewives, is necessarily uncertain. On August 27, the day of the price freeze, Gaillard boasted in a broadcast to the nation that whereas during the first ten days of August, before the partial devaluation of the franc on August 10, France's account with the European Payments Union had shown the catastrophic deficit of $112 million, during the twelve days from August 14 to 26 there had been a dramatic turn—a change in the tide that gave France, for the first time in many long months, a credit balance amounting to $36 million.



The next day the franc reacted discouragingly to this good news by dropping four points on the black market in relation to the dollar and other hard currencies—obviously the work of international speculators. The same speculators had recently been gambling heavily against the pound. In the opinion of some monetary experts here, attacks on both the pound and the franc stem more from a feeling among professionals that a general readjustment of European—and perhaps world—currencies is inevitable than from any specific French or British economic weaknesses. There is hope in some French quarters—fearful that continuing pressure on the franc, whatever its origins, will nullify Gaillard's anti-inflation program—that this month's meeting of the International Monetary Fund in Washington will result in some agreement, however informal, among western treasuries and central banks that will enable the franc and other soft currencies to drop discreetly to more realistic levels.

In this general reshuffle of exchange rates the undervalued deutschmark, which has been attracting gold from all of Germany's neighbors, would be raised a few notches, thus diminishing its appeal as a haven to speculators. Some optimists even talk of a devaluation of the dollar, which would make further devaluation of the franc and the pound almost completely painless.

REGARDLESS of whether a general readjustment of western currencies is possible or even desirable at this time, one thing is certain. Without the spirit of international co-operation that would make monetary readjustment possible, the economies of Europe will be greatly threatened. Not one of these nations—for all its economic resilience, not even France—can afford to follow the path of economic self-sufficiency.

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A Steak Dinner With Jimmy Hoffa

PAUL JACOBS

WE MET AGAIN, Jimmy Hoffa and I, a few weeks ago, in the patio of the very same hotel in Los Angeles where I had originally been introduced to him. It was our first meeting since the publication in *The Reporter*, at the beginning of the year, of the two articles I had written about him.

For Hoffa, the six months that had elapsed had been crowded. He had been indicted, tried, and, miraculously it seemed to most people, acquitted of a charge of attempting to obtain information through bribery from the files of the Senate committee. He had been indicted on a wiretapping charge. He had been summoned to a grueling four-day questioning by the committee that resulted in forty-eight charges being tabled against him.

Now he was the dominant figure at the union's board meeting, conceded almost certain to be elected president of the Teamsters at its September convention, and I was once again a reporter covering the board meeting.

We shook hands, and he introduced me to his two companions. One of them was his personal attorney, George Fitzgerald, who had been at his side at the Senate hearing. The other was someone I'd met before, a kind of combination guide, press agent, and steward called Nate. After a moment's conversation, Hoffa invited me to join them at dinner.

AS I SLID into the back seat of a Cadillac next to Hoffa, I noticed his white socks, in sharp, incongruous contrast to his black shoes and dark suit. But still he looked nattier than when I had seen him last year.

It wasn't only in his clothes that Hoffa had changed, though, I discovered while we drove to the restaurant. He seemed more cautious in his speech, more conscious that millions of eyes and ears could be quickly focused on him. Once, after making an especially pungent and witty remark about an opponent, he asked me, somewhat apologetically, not to quote him because "It might be bad for public relations."

We talked about his recent difficulties. He complained bitterly about the wiretaps to which he had been subjected. He seemed chastened rather than angry about his experiences before the McClellan Committee. But when he spoke of being followed by police and of his indictment on the bribery charge, the scorn in his voice brought me back to the earlier Hoffa.

Nate and Steak Sinatra

At the restaurant Nate kept urging us to try the steak Sinatra—"It's steak fixed with peppers just like Sinatra likes it. It's gorgeous."

"O.K.," said Hoffa, who obviously couldn't have cared less.

We talked about Johnny Dio and Hoffa's reported offer to take care of Dio's family while he was in jail. "I'd do that for anyone," Hoffa said. "If you went to jail, maybe I'd take care of your family. Besides, I'm not so convinced he isn't getting a bum rap. Maybe he wasn't guilty."

Hoffa and I started talking about the Teamsters and their forthcoming executive-board meeting. He spoke as if he were already president of the union, predicting what would happen at the sessions. He discussed some of the constitutional changes that would be recommended to the convention, explaining that they "will take away some of the president's authority and give it back to the executive board where it really belongs."

We talked of the possible expulsion of the Teamsters from the AFL-CIO. "I don't think the AFL-CIO wants an interunion fight any more than the Teamsters," Hoffa said, "but if they do, we'll give it to them."

He told me in detail all the things the union was doing to avoid expulsion. Brennan, the vice-president convicted of extortion, probably wasn't going to run again; Beck was retiring and so was no longer an issue, he explained; and if the Ethical Practices Committee filed charges against him (as it did a few days later) he was prepared to answer them. The union would adopt all the ethical-practices codes except those prohibiting union office to men who used the Fifth Amendment or had past criminal records. But Frank Brewster, the vice-president convicted of Congressional contempt, and Frank Matula, the Los Angeles Teamster official convicted of perjury, were to be supported. "Those are only technical convictions, not like a morals charge, or selling dope, stealing union funds, or taking dough from an employer for signing a lousy contract. Plenty of our guys have technical convictions. We built this union with muscle, and I'm not turning my back on the muscle like some other union leaders who use it and then pretend they never did."

THE STEAK and peppers arrived. "Gorgeous, huh?" said Nate. "Just like Sinatra likes it. The boss went into the kitchen and fixed it himself for you."

Now we began discussing the "paper" locals in New York, allegedly chartered to help Hoffa get control of the New York Teamsters Council. "I'm going to bring up the question of those charters at the board meeting. If those guys did what they're accused of doing, they're out." He added contemptuously, "They're nothing but a bunch of drugstore cowboys, anyway." I remembered that he hadn't always talked about them that way.

Nate paid the bill, and we left the restaurant and got back in the car, Hoffa and I again in back. We stopped to get the morning newspapers from a vendor at the curb. "Gimme three sets!" hollered Nate.

Hoffa took the papers from Nate, shoving them aside with hardly more than a glance, although the big headlines shouted about the Teamster meeting and his picture was featured prominently on the front pages. "Who cares?" he said indifferently.

But I think Hoffa does care now.

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Arab Voices, British Accents, And the Pitfalls of Propaganda

RAY ALAN

UNREPORTED in the press, unmentioned even in the House of Commons, a decision was taken in London this spring that put an end to one of the most discreditable enterprises ever undertaken by a British government department.

On the surface, the decision was unremarkable enough. It merely concerned two obscure and rather seedy Levantine "information" outlets, the Near East Broadcasting Station (NEBS) also known under its Arabic name, Muhattat esh-Sharq el-Adna, and the Arab News Agency (ANA). But for hundreds of the best-informed men in the region these organizations had come to epitomize all that had been furtive and mischievous in the Middle Eastern policies of successive British governments since 1945.

Both NEBS and ANA were founded during the Second World War to counter Nazi propaganda, which had taken—and has retained—a strong hold in the Arabic-speaking states, especially in military and student circles. Sharq el-Adna's first home was on the edge of the Plain of Armageddon, at Jenin in British-mandated Palestine. Later it was transferred to Jerusalem, and finally, when Britain's Palestine administration collapsed, to Limassol in Cyprus. ANA's base, until last winter, was Cairo.

THEIR WARTIME task was straightforward enough, and in 1945 Whitehall allotted them a postwar role which it imagined, in its innocence of the socioeconomic facts of Middle Eastern life, to be equally straightforward. They became the outward and audible sign of the policy Labour Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin took over from his predecessor Anthony Eden, godfather of the Arab League. Its aim was to win the Arab rulers' good will, buttress the cosily oligarchic *status quo*, and thus (it was hoped) safeguard British interests in the region while securing the elimination or exclusion of rival influences—primarily French, American, and Zionist. Russia was not yet in the running.

Pro-British personages like King Abdullah of Jordan and Prime Minister Nuri es-Said Pasha of Iraq—and others, such as King Farouk and Arab League Secretary Azzam Pasha, who the Foreign Office believed would become pro-British if it played up to them enough—were extravagantly boosted and flattered, both editorially and by disseminating their slightest utterances throughout the region. Their critics, and reformist movements generally, were denigrated as anti-national and even pro-Zionist.

Until the Cairo junta founded its own Middle East News Agency (MENA) and Voice of the Arabs radio, ANA and NEBS were the only organizations of their kind in the Middle East. But the advantages deriving from this monopoly position were frittered away by officials who, ignorant of the new social forces astir in the region, imagined that in order to earn good will for Britain it was sufficient to vilify other western powers.

As Richard Pearse, a former British security operative, noted in his book *Three Years in the Levant* (London, 1949), even while war was still on and British and French troops were fighting side by side in Italy, Sharq el-Adna indulged in anti-French incitement in programs intended for Syria and Lebanon. With Bevin's arrival at the Foreign Office, anti-Jewish propaganda became its main stock in trade. While Bevin and Attlee, in London, were proclaiming their desire for a peaceful settlement in Palestine, their main Levantine mouthpiece was broadcasting such things as Azzam Pasha's call for "a war of extermination against the Jews which future generations will bracket with the deeds of Genghis Khan." And, by playing up anti-Jewish atrocity stories and the Arab leaders' order to the Palestine Arabs to leave their homes "so as to clear the way for the victorious Arab armies," Sharq el-Adna gave strong encouragement to the exodus that created the Arab refugee problem: In 1948 the hapless Palestine Arabs still gave more credence to the announcements of what they knew to be an official British station than to the outpourings of Cairo and Damascus.

Whitehall in Wonderland

No serious attempt was made to conceal Sharq el-Adna's Whitehall affiliation until May, 1948, when a member of Parliament asked Foreign Secretary Bevin why he was allowing the station to urge the Arab states to defy the U.N.'s Palestine partition resolution and seize the Israeli port of Haifa. Without batting an eyelash, Bevin replied that NEBS was a private organization over which His Majesty's government had no control. At that moment the station still had on its staff a small number of British Army officers and noncoms, uniformed dispatch riders flashed into and out of its gates daily, and even its address was a Middle East Land Forces APO number.

Shortly afterward it was announced that the station had been "acquired" by a small number of retired Foreign Office and Colonial Service officials who would henceforth run it as a private company. Four or five "reliable" Members of Parliament, whose nostrils were offended by this odd state of affairs were taken on one side and assured, confidentially, that the government did, of course, "subsidize" the station and had everything under control. A few years later, in 1955, to justify the station's acquisition of a $300,000 medium-wave transmitter, it was announced that NEBS intended thereafter to finance itself by broadcasting commercials. A similar semi-private status was given ANA. All in all, the Foreign Office could congratulate itself that the British taxpayer is one of the least inquisitive men on earth.

The decision that NEBS and ANA should go underground coincided

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with the collapse of the Eden-Bevin Arab League gamble. From then until Nasser's expropriation of the Suez Canal Company, Whitehall tried to get along without a Middle Eastern policy.

The Foreign Office, unable to give a lead because it just didn't know where it wanted anyone led, abandoned its responsibilities to the men on the spot. The latter, fortified by a budget no economy drive ever touched and a "covert" status that meant primarily avoidance of normal parliamentary or administrative accountability, settled down to transform their provinces into private empires.

Whim and Idiom

Policy, now a secondary consideration, was all but left to the whims of their Arab staff. The London officials ultimately responsible for their activities had no precise day-to-day knowledge of what was going on. On the rare occasions when they gave the matter any thought at all, they justified the latitude allowed their Arab employees with the argument that since Whitehall wanted the two organizations' British connections played down, this was the best way of ensuring an authentic Arabic idiom.

ANA's pursuit of an authentic Arabic idiom led it to behave as if it were the accredited mouthpiece of the Arab League and whoever happened to be in power in Cairo. No anti-French, anti-American, or anti-Jewish item was too mischievous to use, from imaginary desecrations of mosques by the French in Tunisia to a rediscovery of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion." Rather naïvely, as if to persuade Britain's allies of Whitehall's innocence, a certain amount of anti-British material was put out too. This expedient so unnerved some British information officers in Libya, Jordan, and Aden that they felt obliged at times to discourage the dissemination of ANA material in their territories and destroy the copies of the weekly newsletter it sent them for free distribution.

In the great days of Whitehall's hegemony over the Near East, Bedouins subsidized by the Foreign Office had been known to make war on rival Bedouins subsidized by the Colonial Office, but this was the first time members of the same department had torn up one another's propaganda.

SHARQ EL-ADNA's Arab staff included a Lebanese Communist writer and three or four kinsfolk of the anti-western ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin el-Husseini. One of these, Musa el-Husseini, organized the assassination of Britain's best Arab friend, King Abdullah. It was a Sharq el-Adna correspondent attached to Count Folke Bernadotte's headquarters on Rhodes who disseminated the story that the U.N. mediator's plan for an Israel-Arab settlement had been secretly drawn up in "collusion" with a representative of the British Foreign Office.

Unsuitable employees could not easily be gotten rid of if there was any possibility of their creating embarrassment for NEBS in official and journalistic circles in the Arab capitals. Staff discontent could not be risked for fear of a strike that would have taken the station off the air. And both station and staff (most of whom had families on the mainland) were directly vulnerable to the pressure of the Arab governments.

Thus when British NEBS timidly supported the Baghdad Pact, Egyptian musicians and singers, the most popular in the Levant, were forbidden by their government to work for the station until its director apologized. To have his apology considered he had to spend a week in Cairo, knocking on official doors while the Egyptian press derided "the penitent Englishman"; to ensure its acceptance he agreed to fire the station's only Jewish correspondent and exclude from NEBS newcasts all but unfavorable items about Israel.

The Balloon Goes Up

Sharq el-Adna objected mildly to the Soviet-Egyptian arms deal, though on the ground that Russia would be unlikely to allow Egypt to use the arms against Israel. After a good deal of hesitation it pronounced Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal "unwise"—since, by antagonizing the West, he was weakening the Arabs vis-à-vis Israel. But even this cautious criticism was too much for the Egyptian consul in Cyprus, who persuaded the station's Arab employees, through key contacts in their midst, to threaten a mass walkout unless a friendlier attitude were adopted toward the Cairo régime.

In the short run, the threat appeared to have been remarkably effective. From mild reproof of Nasser, NEBS commentators switched to one of the most violent anti-Israel campaigns official British propaganda media have ever run. Arab observers, however, now believe it was intended to divert attention from Anglo-French military preparations and lull Egypt into a false sense of security.

The same is true, they say, of Eden's October threat to attack Israel if it opposed the entry of Iraqi troops into Jordan. Whitehall undoubtedly had hopes of influencing the outcome of the Jordan election by boosting the value of the Anglo-Jordan treaty as an instrument that might be involved against Israel; but the anti-Israel campaign went on even after it was known that the Jordanians had voted for treaty abrogation and closer ties with Egypt. It reached its climax with a call for "Arab unity to destroy Israel" only two days before the Israelis lunged into Sinai and more than two weeks after the station's director had been informed that "when the balloon went up" all pretense was to be dropped: Sharq el-Adna would operate as an overt British mouthpiece, its "covert" role being taken over by a less compromised instrument.

The balloon went up on October 30. Israel struck deep into Sinai, and NEBS, renamed the Voice of Britain, began broadcasting elephantine anti-Nasser propaganda and warning Egyptian civilians to keep clear of military targets. Many Arab employees resigned or were fired, but the station had a big stock of canned programs (including readings of the entire Koran) and the BBC Arabic service helped out.

MEANWHILE, a new voice was making itself heard on the Middle Eastern air waves, speaking in Sharq-like tones from a powerful transmitter which Egyptian officials claim to have traced to the British crown colony of Aden.

The new station described itself as the Voice of Free Egypt. Its call-sign was the "V" motif used by the

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BBC during the Second World War. Nasser, it said, was a traitor to the Arab cause—otherwise he would have used his armed forces to crush Israel instead of allowing the Jews to choose the moment of attack. As for America: "O Egyptians, the U.S.A. is a totally imperialist country, composed of wastrels and wanderers, where the mean terrorize the weak. . . . It is ruled by world Zionism. . . . Gamal Abdel Nasser is supported by the American scoundrels and criminal Zionism because this treacherous barking dog has secretly promised to preserve the Jewish gangster state in Palestine."

The Innocent Zeal of Dr. Hill

Then Harold Macmillan took over. Almost by chance, he flung open the door of this Augean corner of British officialdom with two characteristically brief directives that at first sight had little bearing on Middle Eastern affairs. The first, to Chancellor of the Exchequer Peter Thorneycroft, urged stringent cuts in government spending and authorized him to ax the budgets even of such previous untouchables as the defense departments and Foreign Office. The second gave Dr. Charles Hill, a minister unencumbered with departmental duties, a free hand in sorting out government information services.

Dr. Hill went to work with zest on the ailments of Britain's Middle Eastern information media. The moral gangrene he exposed startled even casehardened permanent officials—and Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, who, eight months earlier, in reply to angry French representations, had solemnly assured the Quai d'Orsay that no information outlet for which he was responsible was indulging in anti-French propaganda. Christian Pineau had authorized the drafting of a detailed memorandum on NEBS and ANA activities for presentation to his British opposite number in the fall. Only the Suez crisis had averted a showdown. Now, Dr. Hill, in his innocent zeal, had proved Pineau right and forced upon the Foreign Office the realization that it could not indefinitely evade responsibility for its offspring.

The Foreign Office had already, hesitantly, been moving in this direction for some weeks. Developments in the Middle East since the fall had begun to impress upon it the fact that no one there trusts Britain any more—neither its allies nor the Arab states, neither Egypt nor Israel, neither Greece nor Turkey. It was this moral collapse, officials were slowly realizing, even more than its military and economic inadequacies, that was at once the source and epitome of its weakness in the region. And it had been brought about neither by Soviet in-

trigue nor by malevolent nationalists but by British officials, with British taxpayers footing the bill.

The Two Voices

Time and again, in the decade 1946-1956, successive British governments had appeared to Middle Easterners to be speaking with two voices: one, generally urging calm and moderation, in the House of Commons; and another, preaching hatred and mistrust, in the Levant. When they had made an effort to reduce the dissonance, their main concern appeared to be to provide their psychological warriors with quotable material. A typical example was Eden's famous Guildhall speech suggesting that Israel cede territory to the Arabs. A year later, in April, 1956, Sharq el-Adna was still playing it up: "The Palestine armistice lines were not meant to be permanent. And the Arabs should remember that it was the British Prime Minister who gave expression to their demand that these borders should be revised in such a way as to reduce Israel's territory." Similarly, as recently as last September, the Foreign Office strongly condemned Israel for an incident on the Jordan border even before the U.N. investigation of the clash had been completed.

Naturally enough this propaganda strategy had aroused only the Arabs' contempt. Egyptian and Syrian spokesmen described the Foreign Office's condemnation of Israel after the incident mentioned above as "a silly stunt" and even alleged that Britain had "very probably instigated the Israeli action!" Arab journalists and senior members of the Egyptian junta had attacked NEBS and ANA as (in the words of the official Cairo daily *Al Goumhouria*) "instruments of British propaganda whose aim is to sow confusion and despair among the Arabs and sidetrack their struggle for liberation." Nasser himself had been enabled to accuse Britain of using these and other media "to stir up the Arabs against Israel and at the same time keep them in fear of Israel so as to make them ask Britain for help and military alliances."

Back in 1913 Lord Cromer had written: "An imperial policy must be morally defensible. If the reverse is ever the case, the British Empire will deserve to fall, and of a surety it will ultimately fall." By the spring of 1957 it looked, in retrospect, as if Bevin and Eden had been trying to test the validity of his dictum by experiment. At last, in mid-March 1957, impelled by a coalition of economic and moral pressures, Whitehall decided to stop the experiment.

NEBS was told to liquidate itself forthwith and hand over its transmitters to the BBC Arabic service. ANA (whose Cairo office has been seized by the Egyptian government and its business manager arrested for alleged espionage) will continue to operate in Lebanon and Iraq for the time being lest its liquidation be interpreted by Levantine opinion as an admission of Egyptian charges against it; but it will be on a tight rein and has firm instructions not to tread on American toes. The Voice of Free Egypt has quietly faded out. British officials in the Middle East may soon be able to look people in the face again.

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Big Boom Along the Ohio

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

FROM PITTSBURGH, where the Allegheny and Monongahela sweep past the Golden Triangle to form the Ohio, it is 981 miles to Cairo, Illinois, where the high-banked, swiftly falling Ohio empties into the Mississippi. This 981-mile river is by all odds the busiest inland waterway in the United States, carrying more than twice the tonnage of its nearest competitor, the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway, and that passing through the Panama Canal.

The Ohio is the spinal artery of a rich and fast-growing industrial empire of steel, chemicals, aluminum, oil refining, atomic energy, electric power, and diversified manufacturing. The band of hilly country along the Ohio and its navigable tributaries is a super Ruhr. It produces more chemicals than the Ruhr Valley, three times as much steel, and many more than three times as much coal.

Since 1950, industrial expansion along the Ohio has been headlong. New or expanded plants represent fully $8 billion of investment in the seven years. And if one reaches up the tributaries—the Kanawha, Kentucky, Cumberland, Green, and Barren Rivers—to add in the new investment in plant in this greater area, the total since 1950 is more like $11 billion.

On the surface all this looks like a free-enterprise boom in the best American tradition, and in some part it is. But under a magnifying glass it has quite a different look. Two massive government investments have been important factors. One is in a complex of great atomic-energy installations that cost $1.6 billion—pump priming on a lordly scale—and the other is in river improvements, which over a span of 135 years have cost the government close to $200 million, or $300 million if maintenance and operating costs are counted in. It would be hard, perhaps impossible, to single out any major private investment in the Ohio Valley in late years—certainly in heavy industry—that does not depend in some part for its validity on one of those two public investments.

The Erratic, Abundant Ohio

The economy of this region is a closely woven fabric. Coal, which remains our greatest source of energy, is lavishly spread through western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, southern Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the southern parts of Indiana and Illinois. These coal deposits, America's richest and largest, lie athwart the Ohio and its tributaries. Carried cheaply by river barge, this coal is not only vital in steelmaking but also makes possible the low-cost generation of electric power. This in turn fosters industries of every sort, but especially those which require enormous supplies of energy, such as the processing of aluminum and uranium.

The two basic sources of the spectacular growth of this industrial empire are the river itself and the coal fields—products of neither free enterprise nor government but gifts of Providence. Although erratic, the Ohio always provides abundant water. And water is singularly important. To make one ton of steel it takes seventy tons of water. To refine one barrel of oil it takes eighteen barrels of water. And for every ton of coal burned in a modern electric generating plant it takes one thousand tons of water to cool the condensers. For example, the new generating plant at Clifty Creek, Indiana, uses 1.4 billion gallons of water a day, more than New York City uses for all purposes.

Most industries also need underground water, colder and of better quality than river water. The Ohio, thanks to geological circumstance, is constantly replenishing an underground pool which extends throughout its length. This subterranean reservoir of pure, cold water is limitless, as nearly as surveys can determine.

The Ohio also provides amazingly low-cost transport for bulky commodities. There is the Ashland Oil and Refining Company, for instance, with headquarters and a refinery at Ashland, on the river at the northeast corner of Kentucky. Ashland has a fleet of modern diesel towboats and integrated steel barges that bring crude oil from the Gulf of Mexico up the Mississippi and the Ohio to Ashland, seventeen hundred miles, at a cost of one cent a gallon, less than it costs the same company to move gasoline ten miles by tank truck from the refinery into the nearby city of Ashland.

BUT THE OHIO would not be the artery of a great commerce if left as nature fashioned it. The river carries its staggering burden of heavy freight only because it has been broken to harness by the Corps of Army Engineers. The Ohio falls 427 feet in its 981-mile course. Forty-seven dams and accompanying locks, built between 1820 and 1929 by the Corps of Engineers, keep the Ohio

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a trustworthy waterway at a minimum depth of nine feet, with a current of one mile an hour in pool and up to eight miles an hour in flood.

Since the lock and dam system was completed nearly thirty years ago, the towing trade on the Ohio has grown astonishingly—from about five million tons a year in the 1920's to sixty-two million tons in 1953, reaching more than seventy-one million tons in 1956. The traffic is almost entirely in bulky commodities of low unit value. Chief of them are petroleum and coal.

THE OHIO barge trade, however, is not confined altogether to the commonplace staples of heavy industry. Not long ago a modest-sized tow brought up the stream $2 million worth of pig aluminum. Another "mixed" tow included one bargeload of salad oil—twelve hundred tons at two dollars a gallon. There is, in addition, a regular trade—well guarded against pilferage—between Muscatine, Iowa, and distilleries in Owensboro, Kentucky, and Lawrenceburg, Indiana. Each shipment—one barge in a mixed tow—consists of approximately 235,000 gallons of pure grain alcohol.

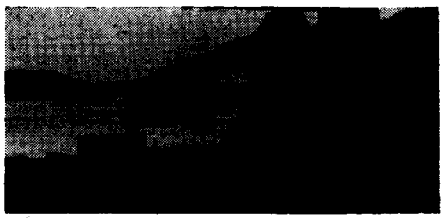
Towing costs are almost ridiculously cheap, averaging from three mills to 1.5 cents per ton-mile. For comparison, it costs a typical railroad 2.25 cents a ton-mile just to maintain its roadbed and installations, before any operating costs are included. Costs of barge freighting have been kept low in recent years, in spite of rapidly rising wages of towboat crews and soaring prices of new equipment, mainly by using diesel twin- or triple-screw towboats and modern steel barges, and by using radar for navigation, permitting tows to move by night and in fog.

Because a typical Ohio River tow is twelve hundred feet long and 105 feet wide, it has to be broken in two to be put through a 600- by 110-foot lock every twenty-one miles on the average. Long-range plans call for the construction of high-level dams and twelve-hundred-foot locks. That would mean twenty or twenty-one dams instead of forty-seven, and faster movement of freight at much lower cost.

The greatest gains from low-cost transport are in coal. The good coals of West Virginia and Kentucky can be brought by barge up or down the Ohio and delivered at riverbank for $1.25 to $1.40 a ton less than rail-borne coal. On this basis, electricity generated in steam plants on the banks of the Ohio is fully competitive with that of hydroelectric plants on the Tennessee River—and with allowance for better access to national markets, competitive with the cheapest hydro power in the West. It is this fact that has brought the aluminum industry into the valley and has led the Atomic Energy Commission to locate three giant installations in the valley since 1950—a gaseous-diffusion plant in Pike County, Ohio, north of Portsmouth; a similar plant near Paducah, Kentucky; and a feed-processing plant at Fernald, Ohio, on the outskirts of Cincinnati, to process ore concentrates—the simpler process preceding the gaseous-diffusion operation. Together the three installations represent an investment of $1.6 billion of public money.

An Economic Chain Reaction

In the interest of security against enemy attack, the AEC would have preferred greater dispersion, but so vast were its power requirements that the middle and lower reaches of the Ohio seemed a logical choice. The two gaseous-diffusion plants, Portsmouth and Paducah, each require two million kilowatts of firm power seven days a week, 365 days a year. If we add in the third gaseous-diffusion plant at Oak Ridge, the total power consumption is more than fifty billion kilowatt-hours a year. That is twice the amount used in the highly industrialized state of Ohio, and about one-tenth of the total energy used in the United States. Surplus power in such quantities was not at hand, and so four of the largest generating plants in the world were built to serve the Portsmouth and Paducah facilities.



This is where AEC's $1.6-billion investment began to produce an economic chain reaction. First, of course, was the construction cost of the installations—a payroll of $2 million a month at Portsmouth-AEC, spread over four essentially rural counties of Ohio. Then came the power plants. One was built by TVA, the 1.5-million-kilowatt Shawnee station alongside the Paducah diffusion plant. The other three, nearly as large, were built with private investment funds by two combinations of Ohio Valley utility concerns.

The two built to serve Portsmouth-AEC, the Clifty Creek and Kyger Creek stations, were designed, erected, and operated by the Ohio Valley Electric Corporation, which is owned by fifteen utility companies in the region.

Located near Madison, Indiana, and Gallipolis, Ohio, almost three hundred miles apart, they are virtually identical, and are the last word in steam power generation. These plants feed current to Portsmouth-AEC at 330,000 volts—the highest voltage used in the United States for power transmission. They are efficiently planned, use low-priced river coal, and have only one customer, who uses power at a uniform rate, day and night, the year round. Consequently the AEC gets its power for less than four mills per kilowatt-hour. This is of interest to taxpayers, since these AEC plants spend nearly half their operating budgets for electric power.

In terms of new plant investment since 1950, then, the production of atomic energy accounts directly for something like $2.5 billion—$1.6 in AEC plants and $900 million in generating stations, public and private, built solely to supply two AEC facilities. That is nearly one-third of the total of $8 billion poured into the economic development of the Ohio Valley in seven years. It is not without some logic that this elongated, winding industrial empire is referred to as "Atom Valley."

OF THEMSELVES, however, neither the AEC installations nor the the power stations serving them have been directly responsible for providing much new employment. It is customary to assume that one new job is created for every fifteen thousand

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dollars of investment in new industrial plant. But the manufacture of fissionable material and the production of atomic energy are different. At the Portsmouth gaseous-diffusion plant, operated for the AEC by Goodyear, the investment in plant is nearly $300,000 per worker. Electric generating stations are notorious for their ability to run happily with nobody much around.

The Relevant Rule of Thumb

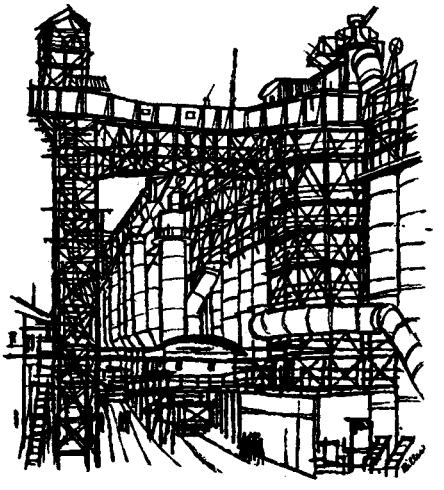
Nevertheless, jobs in great numbers continue to be created over and above the upsurge of employment during the construction years. The Clifty Creek and Kyger Creek generating plants, for instance, burn 7.5 million tons of coal a year, which is bought from five suppliers in West Virginia and Kentucky under fifteen-year contracts, and is brought to the plants by river barge. That means work for miners, railway workers, towboat crews, and related workers. The relevant rule of thumb is that for every man working in the atomic-energy plants or their power stations, there are seven men at work farther back in the process.

Some day, perhaps, atomic power from great reactors may begin to supplant coal as an energy source, but that day is a long way off. Thus far the impact of the atomic age is precisely the reverse. It has created a new and welcome boom in coal mining in the Ohio Valley.

In addition, shipments of West Virginia coal to Europe are becoming substantial, swelling the wave of prosperity that is spreading across the coal country, indicating still another pattern that may emerge in coming years. Our coal delivered at western European electric generating plants costs twenty to twenty-five dollars a ton and is competitive with Arabian oil or Ruhr coal. But there may be a better way to export energy to Europe. A single pound of U-235 has the heat value of thirteen hundred tons of coal. At the posted price of seventeen dollars a gram, U-235 from the Ohio Valley could provide Europe with the power equivalent of six-dollar coal.

Thus it may prove good economics for the Europeans, in a high-priced energy market, to build reactors and buy from us the uranium fuel that we can make so efficiently with our cheap Appalachian coal. Conceivably, U-235 may become an important item in American export trade.

The economic chain reaction of AEC investment reaches back into the coal fields of adjoining states, into the barge trade and railroads, but it also reaches out in other directions. There is, for example, a new superhighway in southern Ohio, a region not at all famous for good roads, linking the AEC-Goodyear plant with Portsmouth to the south and Columbus to the north. There is new housing for perhaps half of Goodyear's twenty-eight hundred employees there—the other half having been



recruited from among natives of the four-county area. There are new supermarkets, new filling stations, new opportunities for professional men, new recreation facilities—a whole maze of service industries that have come in or expanded to serve a larger population and share in the spending of a new payroll—currently $1,350,000 a month at AEC-Goodyear.

There also has been purely private investment in industrial plant. Much the same factors that led the AEC to choose plant sites in Atom Valley have brought various large chemical enterprises into the river valleys of West Virginia, and steel production has been expanded at a dozen points along the Ohio. This flood of new investment in heavy industry is augmented by countless smaller outlays in a diversity of lines—from the manufacture of Geiger counters and guided-missile control systems to jet aircraft and machine tools.

General industry is attracted by economical electric power, and in turn, generating capacity has been soaring along this valley during and since the war. In round numbers, during the past seven years privately owned power companies have invested half a billion dollars in generating facilities to serve AEC's massive needs, and $1.5 billion in other new or expanded plants to serve private industry and commercial and household consumers.

THE MOST spectacular case of new free enterprise in the valley is the arrival of aluminum within the past three years—Kaiser, Alcoa, and Olin Mathieson, each with a plant on the Ohio. Kaiser's plant at Ravenswood, West Virginia, will serve to illustrate. Kaiser had operated only on the West Coast with hydroelectric power, for aluminum is a fantastically power-hungry process. Kaiser has built and operates a finishing plant with nine hundred employees making sheet, plate, and foil aluminum. Kaiser also has seven thousand workers at present on construction of a primary-reduction plant at the same site, which by 1958 will be turning out 440 million pounds of ingots a year. Total investment now exceeds $200 million. A permanent work force of forty-five hundred to five thousand is anticipated that will stretch the seams of Ravenswood (1954 pop., 1,170).

Kaiser's shift from the West Coast hydroelectric country to the upper Ohio Valley is justified economically by three factors. One is nearness to markets. About seventy per cent of the nation's total market for aluminum products is within five hundred miles of Ravenswood—and two thousand miles or more from the Pacific Northwest. The second factor is economical power. Kaiser buys electricity —enough for all Chicago's needs— from the Ohio Power Company at about four mills per kilowatt-hour. To be sure, this is twice the cost of hydro power in the West, but Kaiser saves the cost of moving bauxite, or aluminum oxide, across the country and then bringing most of the finished products back. The third factor is water transportation. The bauxite comes from strip mines in Jamaica, is processed (or will be) at a mill on the Louisiana coast, and then reduced to metal and fabricated for consumers at the riverbank plant

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in West Virginia. The whole operation is tied together by water transport, the cheapest there is.

The boom up and down Atom Valley shows no sign of tapering off. More aluminum and chemical plant expansions are scheduled for next year. New towboats are coming off the ways at St. Louis, Nashville, and Pittsburgh for the barge trade. A new atomic-energy facility, for production of refined uranium salts, is scheduled for construction at Metropolis, Illinois, on the lower Ohio. This enterprise is not comparable in size to the gaseous-diffusion plants, but it does indicate a changing pattern. For the first time, private capital is being put into a basic uranium-processing plant.

Allied Chemical and Dye will build and operate the plant, with a contract to process milled uranium ores into highly purified uranium hexafluoride for the Portsmouth, Paducah, and Oak Ridge operations. The AEC has put almost all its production operations into the hands of private business corporations such as Union Carbide, Goodyear, National Lead, Allied Chemical, and so on, and has turned to private concerns increasingly for electric power. Now for the first time it has drawn private investment capital into the actual processing of uranium.

Is this a break for the American people, or only for the owners and personnel of the corporations concerned? A good yardstick, perhaps, is AEC's arrangement with Ohio Valley Electric Corporation, which built and operates the two power stations for Portsmouth-AEC. There was no fast write-off provision in the agreements for construction of these plants. On the other hand, the contract does allow eight per cent earnings on the invested equity capital. That is a very good return indeed for a no-risk enterprise making power for a single customer—the United States government—on a twenty-five-year contract. However, because there *was* no risk, the equity capital is very small—2.7 per cent of the total invested. The remainder was borrowed at 3⅝ or 3¾ per cent interest. There's surely no scandal here.

And what of the taxpayer who shells out, possibly without much enthusiasm, for river improvements on the Ohio? The cost here, although minor alongside AEC expenditure, is still real money. There are three new high-level dams under construction, plus a major reconstruction of the canal and lock at Louisville. Together these four projects will cost an estimated $227.4 million. If the whole Ohio lock and dam system is renovated and high-level dams are built throughout, the final cost probably will be around $1 billion.

Is this a rightful charge against the taxpayers of the nation? Some months ago there was a proposal that "user charges"—a nicer term than "tolls"—be assessed on Ohio River shipping to meet the costs of locks and dams and other aids to navigation. On a ton-mile basis, the charges most commonly proposed would be 150 to 300 per cent of present-day costs of river shipping. In Atom Valley, this idea had the impact of an A-bomb burst at close range.

But the reverberations of that detonation did not last long and the idea did not go far in Congress, for two fundamental reasons. First, the government has subsidized river transportation by channel improvements for almost a century and a half, and many great industries have grown up with countless thousands of employees and a multi-billion-

dollar investment in plant relying on low river-freight costs; so it is hardly fair to change the ground rules just because a committee of citizens, possibly echoing the complaints of the railroads, proposes river tolls.

Second, and even more important, the benefits of these river improvements are generalized to a great mass of people, and are not without value to the nation as a whole. Cheap inland water transport not only means cheaper coal for utilities but cheaper electricity for industries and householders.

Let's Face It

The valley of the Tennessee and to a lesser degree those of the Missouri, the Columbia, and the Colorado have undergone immense and invigorating changes as a result of Federal investment. In the Ohio Valley there is no TVA, but there is an orderly program of development.

If the dramatic development of the Ohio Valley in late years poses a problem, it is not one of engineering or economics but of semantics. At any gathering of business clans along the Ohio, one may hear stout champions of private enterprise rising in their places after a hearty dinner to sound the praises of private investment, unfettered enterprise, and the wonders of the industrial technology achieved by American business. In the utmost sincerity, these devoted adherents to *laissez faire* will condemn government interference in business and subsidies to agriculture. Yet without any sense of inconsistency they will plead with equal fervor for the expenditure of new Federal millions for high-level dams along the Ohio and a twelve-foot channel. Needless to say that at the mention of tolls for the use of this canalized river these champions of private enterprise will scream with anguish.

How long will it be until there is an honest recognition that our economic system is a hybrid of public and private initiative, of public and private investment? There are many things that private enterprise can do better. But there are some things government can do better—among them the harnessing of rivers. In the fabulously rich valley of the Ohio, the government has done and is doing a first-rate job. And its work on the river is the foundation of the ebullient prosperity that swirls downstream from Pittsburgh to Cairo, Illinois—981 miles of unruly river, tamed by something akin to socialism for the uses of private enterprise.

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The FCC—Who Will Regulate the Regulators?

ROBERT BENDINER

THANKS to Dr. C. Northcote Parkinson, most of us are now aware of the natural law that bureaucracies expand rather like rabbit warrens. Closer observers of governmental phenomena are familiar with Bruce Catton's Progressive Law of Ossification, by which an administrative agency "reaches full manhood and relatively complete impotence" at the same time. Starting this fall, a Congressional subcommittee will test what may be the ultimate law concerning these bodies—that even as they multiply and ossify, they tend to forget the reason for their existence.

The House group, which goes by the odd name of the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, will probably launch its work with a study of the Federal Communications Commission, and if the charges that have been piling up against that agency are even partly borne out, they will be enough to warrant Speaker Sam Rayburn's interest in whether the laws of Congress are "being repealed or revamped by those who administer them."

On the record the FCC appears to have only a reluctant and apologetic interest in the particular law it administers. The Communications Act of 1934 created the commission for the prime purpose of regulating interstate communications in the public interest. But vacancies on the commission have successively been filled by men to whom the whole idea of regulation is clearly as distasteful as integrated swimming pools to a Daughter of the Confederacy. Confirmed as a commissioner a few years ago, Robert E. Lee, whose only previous connection with television was as guest moderator of Facts Forum, launched his term with the flat assertion, "I don't believe in government regulation." Not long afterward, George C. McConnaughey, a former telephone-company lawyer, taking over as chairman with the aid of Senator Bricker, sounded the note that he was "pretty much on record as believing in as few controls of business as possible," a sentiment echoed by John C. Doerfer, his successor.

The resulting system of regulation by anti-regulators has evoked appropriate responses. Representative Emanuel Celler (D., New York), chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, finds that "the FCC has simply not measured up to the standard of public service required to inspire public confidence," while on the other hand, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks has been able to report delightedly to his fellow Republicans: "The regulatory bodies of the government have been reorganized and made over. If you have to do business with them now you will find a friendlier attitude." Both observations are true. The circumstances prompting them indicate the FCC's line of development since the days when it was considered a jewel in the New Deal crown.

Hints of Coercion

Typical of the incidents that have aroused Mr. Celler and his Antitrust subcommittee, which in March brought in a unanimously critical report, was the casual way in which the FCC recently disposed of a Philadelphia television station. In 1953 a subsidiary of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation had paid the Philco Corporation a record price of $8.5 million for WPTZ-TV, including $5 million for its NBC network affiliation. Less than two years later NBC decided that it wanted the station for itself and offered Westinghouse a Cleveland station in return plus $3 million to sweeten an offer that otherwise lacked appeal.

The deal was made, nevertheless, subject to the approval of the FCC. But when the commission's staff made a routine check of the application, it turned up with some interesting findings. For one thing, the commission's regulations prohibit the granting of a license to anyone who already owns a television station serving "substantially the same area" and who would thus acquire a "concentration of control." Yet NBC already owned stations in New York and Washington and had applications pending for other stations that would give it a substantial grip on the whole Middle Atlantic area. What was more, there were hints of coercion in the deal. Westinghouse formally denied that such was the case—having acquiesced, it pretty well had to—but informally its unwilling officials had used terms like "muscling job" and protested against a "veiled threat" that unless they signed, Westinghouse might have to forgo valuable NBC affiliations not only in Philadelphia but in Boston and Pittsburgh as well.

In the light of such information from its staff, a "regulatory" agency might at least have held hearings. It might also have consulted with the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department, especially in view of the repeated involvement of both parties in antitrust suits. But the commission rushed through its approval without the semblance of a hearing and made the decision public the day *after* it had received a communication from the Justice Department noting "a serious question as to whether or not the proposed transfer is unreasonably restrictive, and thus violative of the Sherman Act."

WESTINGHOUSE is one of a growing number of cases suggesting that the FCC has become a dangerously pliant judge of what constitutes the "public interest, convenience, and necessity," as the jargon goes, in the allocation of television channels. To enable it to choose among contenders for these multi-million-dollar properties, certain criteria were long ago set up; and the commission was expected, if not always to show the wisdom of Solomon, at least to keep its skirts politically clean, to weigh its decisions with judicial concern, and in all events to grant licenses only to those with "a high sense of public responsibility."

The criteria themselves are un-

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assailable, at least in spirit. An applicant must demonstrate technical, legal, and financial competence to operate a station, with experience a factor in his favor. He must be of good reputation, preferably with a record of civic interest. He must present a prospectus for a well-rounded service to meet the diverse needs of the community and be in a position to provide the technical facilities. Other things being equal, licenses are to go to local applicants rather than outsiders and, most emphatically, the commission is to have an eye to "diversification" in the ownership of a community's news and information media. Newspaper publishers were generally frowned on throughout the New Deal-Fair Deal.

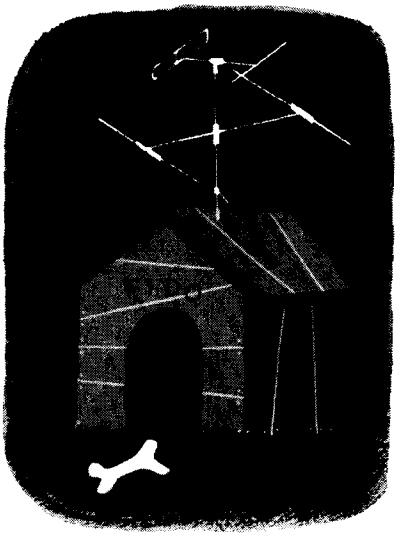
In theory, all this is virtuous enough, but in fact, and unavoidably, the field is wide open to subjective judgment. The weighing of qualifications is often highly personal. The applications are boilerplate affairs drawn up by professionals and sometimes used over and over again with different names. Each contender presents a formalistic sprinkling of locally prominent and judiciously representative types among its stockholders, and promises more in the way of a balanced program diet than it is ever called upon to deliver. Since the contests depend on comparison, a premium is placed upon skill in darkening the reputation of other applicants. And the criteria are so easily juggled that the commission can reach almost any decision and then order the staff to draw up the reasons for it.

Valuable Door Prizes

With commissioners less than inspired by the original purposes of their agency and an administration that seems not to have grasped the quasi-judicial nature of regulatory bodies, politics and cynicism are bound to flourish. Not to make a partisan argument of it, the commission had started to go downhill even before the Republicans took over. It is true, though, that the stakes have been far higher, and the pressures on the FCC accordingly much greater, since 1952, because comparatively few television licenses were issued before that year.

Instead of sharpening its criteria and increasing its vigilance, however, the FCC seems to have fallen into such a morass of inconsistency and *ad hoc* judgments that there now seems to be almost no rule of law in parceling out these fabulously valuable public assets. As one former commissioner puts it, they are being "handed out like door prizes."

The commission may have been perfectly right, for example, in rejecting the application of the McClatchy papers for a television station in Sacramento and of the *Capital Times* for one in Madison, Wisconsin. It had the responsibility of keeping news media in those areas well diversified. But if this was the rule for publishers in Sacramento



and Madison, Democratic as it happens, why wasn't it the rule for Republican publishers in Boston?

Similarly, although the commission's regulations stress the desirability of giving stations to local entrepreneurs, a Miami channel was denied to a group of reputable community figures, including the former mayor of Miami Beach, and awarded instead to a subsidiary of National Airlines, Inc., a company built up incidentally by Federal subsidies. Three such applications, from top-ranking citizens, were denied in the case of an Indianapolis channel in favor of the Crosley Broadcasting Company, which was brought in from another state, many believe because of the influence of George V. Allen, the President's entertaining confidant.

Obviously the suggestion of influence is not provable, but the atmosphere that now permeates the commission's operations is such that reputable people believe its decisions are heavily weighted by politics, personalities, and pressure. "Among attorneys who are practitioners before the present Federal Communications Commission," Representative John D. Dingell (D., Michigan) said on the floor of the House, "it is now believed that a case is 'arranged' rather than tried, and the winner is the party with the most political strength."

It Happened in Boston

What has immeasurably strengthened this impression is the commission's handling of the Channel 5 case in Boston.

As a result of its studies made during the four-year "freeze" period prior to 1952, the FCC decided that the major market of Boston was entitled to two TV licenses in addition to the two it already had. Channel 2 was given over to education, and anyone interested in the license for Channel 5, a prize worth an estimated fifteen to twenty million dollars, was invited to apply. Not counting the Columbia Broadcasting System, which withdrew early in the game, there were five contenders.

Greater Boston Television Corporation, Inc., and Massachusetts Bay Telecasters, Inc., were groups of professional, business, and civic-minded Bostonians formed for the purpose of acquiring the station. Together they offered a roster of stockholders that covered the local spectrum from Brahmin to Papal Knight, though by and large the blue blood was concentrated in Massachusetts Bay, while Greater Boston ran to "newcomers" and even Democrats. A third applicant was the Allen B. Dumont Laboratories, Inc., a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures Corporation and the owner of TV stations in New York and Washington. The remaining pair were the Post Publishing Company, owners of the since deceased Boston *Post*, and WHDH, Inc., the radio station of the Boston Herald-Traveler Corporation. The *Herald*, which has been described as the "muscle of the Republican Party in New England" and "the New York *Times* of Boston," is the most influential Republican paper north of New York.

The question before the FCC was

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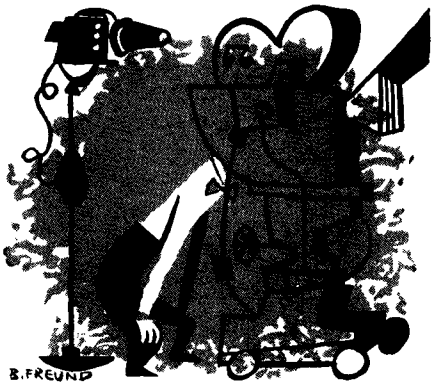
which of these applicants would best serve the "public interest, convenience, and necessity," and hearings were begun before its veteran chief examiner, Colonel James D. Cunningham, on July 16, 1954. For over six months a light load of Boston linen was publicly washed and rewashed to no lofty purpose. Greater Boston made what it could of the fact that Alan Steinert, president and director of Massachusetts Bay, had in the early 1940's contributed to groups linked to the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, an organization that years later found its way to the Attorney General's list. Steinert, a canny man with records, produced proofs that he had disassociated himself from such questionable outfits as soon as he was aware of their nature and that in all he had chipped in $126.20, including a seven-dollar banquet ticket, out of charitable contributions totaling $327,456. Massachusetts Bay had also to contend with the charge that Al Capp, an extremely minor stockholder, had once been castigated by a New York legislative committee for some allegedly pornographic cartoons—he claimed they had been doctored.

On the other side, evidence was dug up that Michael Henry, Greater Boston's vice-president and proposed general manager, had been disbarred in Missouri twenty-six years ago. "That's the sordid way in which you have to present these cases," I was told by a lawyer who practices before the commission.

To his credit, the examiner gave little or no weight to unpleasant trivia in this case, and his decision appeared to be as well reasoned as the vagueness of the criteria and the difficulty of choice allowed. Dumont, he said, had the most experience, but since they were "strangers to Boston," the others could better "meet the community needs." WHDH was ruled out, not because the president of the Herald-Traveler Corporation, Sidney W. Winslow, Jr., was also board chairman of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, which only a few years before had been convicted of violating the Sherman Act, but primarily on the all-important ground of diversification. To give it Channel 5, Cunningham said, would be to leave in the same hands no fewer than five "instrumentalities for the dissemination of news and views within the same area." Citing the Madison case as precedent, he restated the "general policy of encouraging diverse



ownership of all media of mass communications."

On much the same ground he ruled out the *Post,* which also owned a pair of radio stations at the time. Between the two remaining applicants, Colonel Cunningham gave the edge to Greater Boston on the basis of more extensive managerial experience in broadcasting.

The Not Inchoate Mr. Choate

The Cunningham decision was rendered in January, 1956, and on the surface there was hardly a ripple. Appeals to the commission were heard in October, but it seemed unlikely that it would reject the finding of its chief examiner. Chairman McConnaughey had indicated as much in testifying before a Congressional committee. Relating the incident later, Representative Dingell told the House: "Asked what the commission would do about an applicant which publishes two daily newspapers in a community and operates the only clear-channel fifty-thousand-watt broadcasting station, and is tainted with a long record of monopoly, the reply was clear; there would be a red flag on such an applicant's petition, our committee was told."

In December the storm broke. A few days before Christmas *TV Digest* published a report that the commission had already made up its mind to award the channel to the *Herald* and *Traveler,* red flag or not. A few weeks later Drew Pearson charged that Leonard Hall, then Republican Party chairman, Secretary of Commerce Weeks, and Senator Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts had been putting heat on the commission.

Robert Choate, publisher of both the *Herald* and the *Traveler* and president of WHDH, had been appealing his case, according to Pearson, not to the commission but to Hall, Saltonstall, and Weeks. The party chairman's interest in a powerful Republican newspaper was obvious. Saltonstall was especially indebted to the *Herald* for all-out support in his 1954 campaign for the Senate, and Weeks had been a political and business associate of Winslow's.

The Pearson story was inevitably denied by all concerned, but Weeks is said to have admitted privately that he made appointments for Choate to discuss the case with McConnaughey and other commissioners, and that he regarded the service as hardly more than a courtesy. If so, the propriety of a Cabinet member arranging a private meeting between "judges" and a principal in a case before them seems not to have occurred to him—or to the commissioners, for that matter. The report of the Celler subcommittee touches on this "air of informality" that has "permeated the Commission's administrative process to a point where various members of the Commission without reluctance have, during the past decade, repeatedly discussed with one or more interested parties the merits of pending cases—even going so far as to indicate how particular Commissioners would vote." This practice, the report added with admirable restraint, "is repugnant to fundamental principles of quasi-judicial procedure." It proposed the usual code of ethics.

The Unwilling *Globe*

With the sudden realization that the *Herald* and *Traveler* were about to get Channel 5, a new party entered the proceedings. The Boston *Globe,* which had evidently assumed until then that the commission would go along with its chief examiner, was shocked into action. From the affidavits that its publishers rushed to Washington in support of their petition to intervene, it ap-

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peared that they had good reason to fear for the future. They told of Choate's attempts to effect a merger with the unwilling *Globe;* of overt threats that he would use the TV station, which he fully expected to get, to drive the *Globe* out of business if it refused to merge; of the *Herald's* misuse of radio station WHDH to serve the papers' financial purposes; and of efforts by Choate to interfere with the financing of the *Globe's* new plant.

In a sworn statement, John I. Taylor, treasurer of the Globe Newspaper Company, told of a conversation with Choate in which the *Herald's* publisher told him that a merger would give them "a great area newspaper which would cover New England and be one of the biggest papers in the country." Even after Davis Taylor, the *Globe's* president, had told him of legal advice against such a merger as "a violation of the Clayton Act," Choate persisted and allegedly tried to get the attorney in question to change his mind. According to Davis Taylor's affidavit, Mr. Choate told him that "so far as the *Herald-Traveler* was concerned, he was going to do his best to put the *Globe* out of business; that if he was awarded a license for television station Channel 5 . . . he was going to use his newspaper, radio station, and television station to injure the *Globe* if he could."

Furthermore, the *Globe* had sought loans from the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Second Bank-State Street Trust Company. But, Davis Taylor swore, "Before they had committed themselves other than by verbal commitment, Choate visited the officers of the insurance company and officers of the bank and attempted to upset the loans."

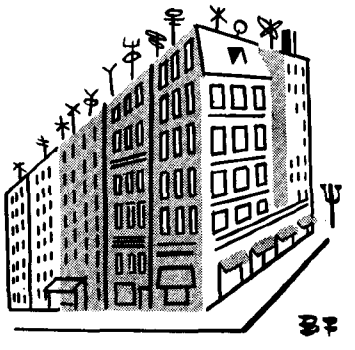
As for the *Herald's* use of WHDH, the examiner himself had found that "There is a policy of mutual promotion between the two newspapers and Station WHDH, its primary purpose being to promote the *Herald-Traveler*. It further appears that the *Herald-Traveler* prints only the program schedules of WHDH and the other network station in Boston, but not those of the remaining independent stations." Beyond this, the *Globe* pointed out, time on the radio station and advertising linage in the papers were sold as a combination package at unpublished rates, sometimes with free linage in the papers to those who bought commercials and free radio time to those who bought space in the papers. By such tactics, the *Globe's* attorneys argued, "the *Herald-Traveler* may well foreclose the *Globe* from competition in the field of newspaper advertising."

Choate filed an answering affidavit denying the burden of the charges, but he admitted that he had been "anxious to effect a merger" with the *Globe*. He said he thought the John Hancock loan had already gone through when he told Paul Clark, its president, of his "surprise" at the transaction. He denied categorically having made the threats attributed to him by the Taylors, though conceding that he may have "exchanged facetious pleasantries" with ranking members of the *Globe* staff.

The *Globe's* morning and evening papers on the one side and the *Herald* and *Traveler* on the other provide the only serious newspaper competition in a metropolitan area of two and a half million people, especially now that the *Post* has finally expired. When that journal was in its last throes, by the way, Choate is quoted as having said: "Oh, to hell with the *Post*. Let it die on the vine."

Massive Oversight

In view of the commission's obligation to give particular weight to diversity, it was believed that charges of so determined a drive toward monopoly would compel attention. At best the case would be reopened for further hearings, since the new testimony was vital and completely contradictory. At the very least the commission would take the *Globe's* charges into account before reaching a decision. Neither expectation was to be realized.



On April 24 the *Globe's* petition to intervene was rejected on the ground that it was "untimely," and the same day the commission awarded the prize to the *Herald-Traveler*. The reason given was the *Herald's* superior experience, though the majority blandly conceded that "the factor of diversification" weighed against it—the very reverse, in short, of its position in the Sacramento and Madison cases. Commissioner Rosel H. Hyde, a Republican appointed in New Deal days, dissented, and so did Commissioner Robert T. Bartley, a nephew of Sam Rayburn. Bartley drily questioned how it could be in the public interest to reward an applicant who proposed to "adapt the programming of the TV station to the best possible promotion of the *Herald-Traveler* where it is feasible to do so." The majority consisted of Commissioners McConnaughey, Doerfer, Lee, and Richard A. Mack—three arch-Republicans and an Eisenhower Democrat.

Massachusetts Bay and Greater Boston have appealed to the courts, but it may be noted that while such cases have often been remanded to the FCC on question of procedure, the courts do not substitute their own version of the facts. Appeals in the past have forced the commission to revise its rationale but not its awards, allowing it in practice an administrative absolutism that the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight may well regard as an oversight of massive proportions.

Like other independent regulatory agencies, the FCC is something of a governmental freak. A creature of the legislative branch, its personnel is appointed by the executive and its most vital functions are judicial. The result is that while it makes the decisions, its judgments are handed down under pressures that would not be tolerated in a traffic court. Congressmen have no hesitation in privately pushing a constituent's case—the late Senator McCarthy once summoned the FCC's chairman to his office and warned him not to award a particular channel until a vacancy on the commission was filled. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue,

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as the Boston case indicates, television channels are considered in the same category as a new post office or an ambassadorship to Pakistan—all political plums of varying degrees of juiciness.

In the circumstances it seems idle to talk about improving the commission's personnel. A more reasonable objective would be to put the agency, by statute, as far beyond such pressures as possible, perhaps by investing its members with a judicial status. The administrative work, which admittedly involves constant dealing with licensees and applicants, could be handled by officials who would do nothing else, leaving the commissioners above the battle. Appointed to long terms and given the title of judge, as members of the Tax Court are, they would be vested with a dignity not likely to be breached by telephone calls from interested senators, or even from Sherman Adams.

Beyond this fairly obvious safeguard, Congress will sooner or later find itself exploring the touchy question of UHF broadcasting. Of the eighty-two television channels physically possible, seventy are in the little-used ultra-high-frequency (UHF) band, and only twelve in the very-high-frequency (VHF) range, for which eighty-five per cent of our TV sets are designed. This means that unless UHF is encouraged—several practical ways have been suggested—even the largest metropolitan area is limited to seven channels. In practice, few cities can have more than three or four. Should the entire system gradually be changed to UHF, the same areas would have up to seventy channels to divide their markets and contend for the interest of their viewers.

Not only would television presumably be vastly improved by the competition, but the pressures on the FCC would be comparably reduced. The commission would still have to decide on the qualifications of license applicants, but with channels enough for all comers its judgments would not have to be comparative. More important, in so free a field the public would no longer have to depend on frail bureaucracy as its sole protector against monopoly of the air waves.

U.S. Aid to Vietnam —A Balance Sheet

DAVID HOTHAM

South Vietnam is a standing example of what foreign aid can do in a small, materially backward country. The effort being put into it is gigantic. Over the last three years South Vietnam, with a population of eleven million, has received an average of $260 million yearly in American aid alone, not to mention what it has been getting from France, from the United Nations, from the Colombo Plan countries, and from a dozen small aid organizations of various kinds. The impact of aid from the United States has already been nothing short of spectacular.

One of the most striking successes was the absorption and resettlement of the vast number of refugees from Communist North Vietnam who flooded down across the 17th parallel after the end of the Indo-China war. There were nearly nine hundred thousand of them—coming not over a period of years but over a matter of months. The problem of dealing with this wholesale migration would have been insuperable for the new and unstable government of South Vietnam in its early days, and might well have brought about its downfall. As it was, the transportation, reception, and resettlement of these unfortunate people was probably one of the most efficient exploits of its kind undertaken anywhere in the world.

Energy and Good Will

It is impossible not to be impressed by the spirit of energy and good will that animates the American aid administrators in Saigon. Members of the United States Operations Mission (USOM) conduct their work partly in the spirit of a religious mission, partly in that of a military operation. Inside its gigantic headquarters building, a maze of offices, papers, and plans, several hundred American men and women work long hours in a vile climate to help a people of whom, a few months back, many of them had probably never heard. Out in the scorching plain of the Mekong Delta, rugged economic missionaries sit sweltering in distant villages, dispensing milk and butter and cheese, pigs, chickens, ducklings, water buffaloes, medicines, fish nets, rice seeds, fertilizers, and western clothing. One aspect of American aid is the most enormous Santa Claus act of all time. It is presided over by a kindly, bespectacled man named Leland Barrows, who is now approaching the end of his third

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year as director of USOM in South Vietnam. Barrows is proud of what has been achieved during his period of office.

But there is a tendency to regard the effect of American aid in South Vietnam with too uncritical eyes, simply because three years ago almost everybody assumed that it was only a matter of months before the country turned Communist. The mere fact that this has not happened is a measure of the success achieved. But it must be remembered that keeping the government of President Ngo Dinh Diem in office is in itself a negative achievement. It has been accomplished largely by supporting an immense army in South Vietnam, which enabled Diem to defeat the vexatious sects and his other enemies, who themselves possessed no similar resources. Even the magnificent resettlement of the northern refugees has been negative, in the sense that it can hardly be said to have contributed to the development of the country.

DURING the past three years sixty-four per cent of all American aid to South Vietnam has been in the form of budget support used to pay the salaries of the 150,000-man national army. Of the remaining thirty-six per cent about a third has gone to the refugees, leaving twenty-four per cent of the total aid for economic development. Those who justify this priority maintain that in a country like South Vietnam, which is constantly threatened by Communist aggression, there must be no weakness and military needs must come first.

This strategic argument is debatable even on purely strategic grounds. It is only too probable that the most effective deterrent to Vietminh or Chinese adventure across the 17th parallel is the Manila Treaty (especially with its atomic possibilities) rather than the army of South Vietnam, whose inclination to resume arms against its northern compatriots, even after three years of anti-Communist propaganda, may well be doubted.

It is clear, however, that strategic thinking is deep-rooted in Washington's view of Southeast Asia. I was much struck recently by a remark made to me by one top American aid administrator in the area. "If I want to put through a new project," he told me, "I call it 'defense support' and not 'economic aid.' It is much more likely to be approved by Washington." If this is the attitude of Washington, it reveals a fatal lack of appreciation of the Asian viewpoint.

Planting American Ideas

What is the aid program doing for South Vietnam? American aid pays for Diem's army. It trains that army and supplies equipment for it. It trains the 14,500-man police force and the forty-seven thousand members of the civil guard, which is equivalent to a sort of rural police. Members of the staff of Michigan State University are schooling Vietnamese officials in many branches of public administration. American experts even helped draft the South Vietnam constitution. Some of this aid is much more long-term than the economic aid proper, for it is planting American ideas among the intellectuals and the Vietnamese youth. In addition to all this, more than four-fifths of all South Vietnam's foreign trade depends on the commercial-aid program, putting goods in the shops that the country could not dream of affording if left to itself. American aid dominates the whole economy. "Our aid is on such a large scale," I was told by one official in USOM, "that we are really more interested in the general health of the economy than in individual aid projects."

Here is the way the system of commercial aid works. Goods are ordered from abroad by importers in Vietnam and the bill for these is paid to the foreign supplier by Washington. When the goods arrive in Vietnam, the local buyer pays the price of them into a special fund held by the National Bank of Vietnam which is called the Counterpart Fund. This fund, which is in local currency, is used by the American aid mission for aid projects inside the country. A large part of it is used, for example, to pay the army. This money, rather than the imports themselves, forms the real aid to Vietnam. The imports are a means of generating the local currency that goes into the fund. It should be noted that this system, though highly controlled (there is a list of 193 items for which import licenses are not granted under the aid program), preserves many of the features of private enterprise. The financial merit of the system is that it prevents inflation by avoiding the direct injection of dollars to a vulnerable economy. The avoidance of inflation, the ruin of so many other anti-Communist régimes (for example, Kuomintang China), is certainly one of its most valuable achievements.

THE SYSTEM is nevertheless prey to the defects of all cumbersome devices of its kind. Talks with Saigon importers, almost all of whom import under the commercial-aid program, show that it is often gigantically wasteful, apparently because there is no regular liaison between USOM officials, the Vietnamese government, and the commercial world, and consequently no constant estimation of the needs of the country in different materials. Times of dearth are succeeded by periods of glut. During the former, importers apply for licenses to the Vietnamese foreign-aid administration far in excess of their own needs or the needs of the country.

According to a number of merchants I interviewed, consumption of cement in South Vietnam runs normally at a figure of about twenty-five thousand tons per quarter. There has recently been a delivery of cement under the American aid program of about one hundred thousand tons—four times the quarterly consumption. This would not matter were it not that in a tropical

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climate cement deteriorates quickly, becoming hard and unusable after four months. This means that unless a vast amount of new construction work is begun immediately, tens of thousands of tons of this cement will be wasted.

The same thing occurred recently in the case of other perishable goods, notably canned milk and flour. A delivery of sixty thousand tons of flour was three times the quantity the country could consume before it spoiled. Although stocks of canned milk are already unusally high, credits for another two hundred thousand cases have recently been unblocked, a quantity six times the average monthly consumption. Some dealers told me they had had to sell off milk stocks at hardly more than a quarter of their cost price. "Everybody loses by these errors," he told me. "The Americans lose their money. The Vietnamese people lose the goods. We merchants lose not only because of the deteriorated stock, but also on account of the fall in prices whenever one of these unnecessary and abnormal deliveries swamps the market."

That Old Surplus Story

There seems to be a difference of opinion between American and Vietnamese officials as to what causes these mistakes. The Americans maintain that nothing is brought into the country that has not been ordered by importers. The Vietnamese say that the Americans thrust the goods upon them regardless of whether or not there are enough people to consume them. This has given rise, in some anti-American circles, to the old story that the United States forces its surplus commodities on countries like South Vietnam, a story that is supported by the undoubted fact that the South Vietnamese are obliged, under the rules of the aid program, to buy their flour and their milk in the United States only.

The real reason for the trouble is probably twofold: a lack of contact between American officials and the commercial world, and the peculiarity of the commercial-aid system, which regards the imports not so much as an end in themselves as a means of "generating counterpart." The more imports are brought in, the more money goes into the Counterpart Fund, and the more money is available for aid projects of other kinds. There is thus no incentive, rather the reverse, for American and Vietnamese aid officials to tailor the imports to the country's needs. Yet the material loss is severe and wastage is always demoralizing.

It would be unjust to go too far in criticizing such temporary fluctuations in a system that does in the main produce the goods in the quantities needed. It is only fair to say that almost all the businessmen I spoke to praise the aid program in general; and with reason, for it alone has kept them in business for the last few years.

But a much more fundamental question is at issue: How far is American aid helping to *develop* South Vietnam, in the sense of increasing its productive apparatus, rather than simply freezing the standard of living at a certain level which the population is accustomed to? If the latter, it is a dangerous policy, because if at any time this aid were to be reduced, the pegged standard of living would inevitably fall, with unpredictable consequences. One Vietnamese official I spoke to on this point said that any reduction of aid would be catastrophic. He could not even admit the possibility of such a thing happening. When I remarked that I thought a reduction was improbable, he corrected me. "Not improbable," he almost shouted. "It is impossible, IMPOSSIBLE!" When I asked him how his country was ever going to live without foreign aid, he remained silent.

This official was not typical. Most Vietnamese demand insistently that aid to their country should not merely be used to peg existing living standards but to help the country produce for itself, so that it can achieve economic independence. This is a perfectly normal desire on the part of any country. How far then is American aid going in providing new investment for South Vietnam? Certain projects, such as the $8-million refugee resettlement scheme at Caisan in west Cochin China, are investments in the sense that they are helping Vietnam to revive its lost rice exports. The same can be said of road building, the replacement of livestock, improvement of communications, and so on. Work in the educational field—the agricultural college at Blao, village schools, long-term training carried out by the Michigan State University team, can be classed in the same category. But you don't have to talk very long to the Vietnamese to find out that this is not at all the sort of thing they have in mind when they talk about development. What they believe will really help them, what they want, is industries.

American lack of enthusiasm for industry in South Vietnam is noticeable. "This country's vocation is agricultural," I was told by one USOM official after another. "If the money the Vietnamese want to put into industry were only put into reviving their agriculture, they would get a much more profitable return on it." It is a striking fact that not a single new industry worthy of the name has been established in the country during the three years since the end of the war in Indo-China. The Vietnamese have recently drawn up a Five-Year Plan that includes industrialization. They have done this without consulting USOM, despite the fact that most of the projects included in the plan are being done with American money. The Americans are now cooperating to the extent of creating a new venture—an Industrial Development Center in Saigon, the purpose of which will be to publicize investment opportunities in South Vietnam, to make loans to investors, and generally to act as a catalyst and a convenience for industrial development. This technique has already proved useful in the Philippines and some Latin-American nations.

'We Haven't Got Fifty Years . . .'

The difference of opinion arises between Americans and Vietnamese over the problem of *how* industries should be started in a country that in the past has had almost none. There is a basic conflict of ideology here. The Americans think that free enterprise should do the job. The Vietnamese want planning, with at least some state-owned industries to get things started. One

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of the most intelligent members of the Vietnamese government is angry over the American attitude. "They are hidebound by their ideology of free enterprise," he told me. "They tell us that free enterprise made the United States so prosperous, and that it would do the same for Vietnam. But they forget that it took them fifty years and more to do it. We haven't got fifty years to play with. In the North they are industrializing fast. If we rely on free enterprise, on the good will of foreign capital, we shall never get started. It is absurd.

"The American attitude is medieval and retrograde on this question," he continued. "They give us buffaloes when what we need are tractors with which to modernize our agriculture. They support our army. But what is the use? Unless they help us to develop our country, our army will not fight for them. We are not their mercenaries."

Another highly placed official with whom I discussed the industrial question told me that in his opinion there was no entrepreneurial class in Vietnam, and that it was a waste of time to expect Vietnamese capital to come forward. Therefore the state must take the initiative in industrialization. Almost every word that this official said to me would have been approved by a textbook socialist. "What we need in Vietnam is planning," he insisted. "Foreign private capital will not solve our problem. Even if we manage to attract it in sufficient quantities, it will mean more foreign enterprises in this country—something we have been trying for years to get rid of."

THIS IS another problem in planning industry in a country like Vietnam. For a hundred years all the wealth of the country has been owned by foreigners: The rubber plantations and industry (what there was of it) were French, the rice mills and almost everything else were owned by the ubiquitous Chinese. "If more of the wealth of Vietnam had been in Vietnamese hands," Director Barrows of USOM told me, "we could have brought more capital goods into the country. As things are, it is the age-old difference between economic good sense and the nationalism of a newly independent country; in these cases nationalism often wins." The proposed solution is mixed industries, which is a difficult formula to work out. There is also the question of what to do with the existing French industries—cigarette factories, distilleries, bottling plants, and so on. The Vietnamese would like to use American aid to buy out the foreign industrialists, but the Americans hold the principle that to do this is a misapplication of American aid.

A similar question arises over the Vietnamese land reform, which limits private ownership of land to a hundred hectares, or about 250 acres.

When the plan is executed, it will involve compensating some twenty-two hundred landowners for about seven hundred thousand hectares. It is estimated that this buyout may cost, at the official rate of exchange of thirty-five Vietnamese piastres to the dollar, something in the region of $80 million. Ten per cent of this sum will be paid to the landlords cash down; the rest will be given them in the form of government bonds redeemable over twelve years. The Vietnamese feel that the tardy land reform could be materially advanced if the compensation money could be advanced out of American aid. But this also, it seems, is against the principles on which the aid is given. "Middle Western taxpayers would never stand for it," I was told by one American expert. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the French government has had no similar scruples in buying out its own landowners in Indo-China. It has agreed to pay the equivalent of $6 million to compensate French rice-estate owners who are having to give up their land in the Mekong Delta. It is fair to add that there is this difference: The French money goes to Frenchmen, whereas the American money would not go to Americans.

THE AMERICAN aid program in South Vietnam has dealt with amazing, indeed unique, efficiency with the refugees. It has kept the economy going. It has largely prevented inflation. It has kept a strong and reasonably competent anti-Communist government in power, and ended the previous anarchy. It is carrying out many works, both material and spiritual, that will clearly be of enduring importance to Vietnam in years to come. Yet despite all this, most impartial and informed observers agree that this vast aid program—one of the world's largest in proportion to the size of the country to which it is given—is doing much less than it might to raise the people's standard of living because of undue emphasis on military aid and the lack of emphasis on industrialization. There are signs that this attitude is changing. Can it change fast enough?

Perhaps the most important question of principle to be raised since foreign aid to Asia started concerns the method whereby that aid can best be used to create industries in countries that have almost none, or where the existing industry is mainly in foreign hands. If Washington is doctrinaire on the question of free enterprise for the development of these countries, such development may take far too long. In some countries this may not matter, but in Vietnam, where there is literally a race in progress on the two sides of the 17th parallel, it does matter. It is South Vietnam that is "the bastion of the free world in Southeast Asia." We must think a little more about the people inside the bastion and their needs.

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Culture After Breakfast

DEAN ACHESON

IN THE YEARS when I had some connection with the United States Information Service and the Voice of America I heard a good deal about American culture—from those who contributed to it, from those who absorbed it, from those who dispensed it, and from the Congress, which took a very dark view of it in any form. Only recently I have a new view from a young colleague who has just toured South Asia, the Soviet Union, and the eastern European satellites. Whatever, he reported, might be said about American foreign policy—and much was said—American jazz reigned unchallenged from Bombay through Tashkent, from Moscow to Warsaw and Belgrade. "How," he asked a Pole, "can you listen to this stuff?" "Ah!" said the Pole. "You ought to hear what we have had to hear for ten years!" Well, I thought, what gurgles like water in a weary land is worth a taste.

But the example of the Poles alone would not have been enough to make me switch on the radio in the morning. An occasional concert in the evening, yes; but after breakfast, never. What finally turned the trick was boredom. For years the summer-morning drive from our Maryland farm to Washington was a joy of fresh, clean day before the sullen heat had spoiled it. But now only the first few miles are that—the red-winged blackbirds and meadow larks along the honeysuckled fences, the wood doves here and there on a telephone wire, the mockingbirds with their aristocratic drawling flight, and their wings left open for an instant after alighting, like an eighteenth-century Corinthian about to raise his quizzing glass, cattle still eager for the damp grass, and my friend the nurseryman cultivating between his rows of box rootings. This soon ends as our rolling and twisting country road drains into the eight-lane divided highway and one development merges into another, each announcing itself as such-and-such Gardens, Hills, Knolls, Valley, or Arcadia. That is when I push the first radio-station button and begin to learn again what has grown dim since last year.

Plus Ça Chante . . .

A female voice greets me singing, with depressing vivacity, "The most beautiful thing in Silver Spring is a Loving Chevrolet." Surrounded by this sprawling young metropolis—the second city of Maryland—flowing over farms, woods, and streams like lava from an urban Vesuvius, one acknowledges that she may well be right. And then the mind drifts off to wonder whether a Chevrolet really could be loving. I once had an open blue Chrysler with wings on the radiator cap that definitely was. But the music cuts off reverie.

There is something unique and categoric about all orchestral selec-

tions played from, say, eight-thirty to ten o'clock in the morning. The aim of the performers is, apparently, to make every wind instrument sound like every other wind instrument, and to make all of them sound like Donald Duck. The result is as disintegrating to the nervous system as a ray gun. Sheer reflex makes one press the next button, and the next. But it's no use. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

WHAT a sheltered life one leads who reads books and listens to records chosen by himself! No preparation, this, for coping with the world around us. The radio listener is better conditioned. He takes what he is told he likes and likes it.

Then comes a respite—or rather it used to be a respite: the news. But this summer the news has been a depressant. Of course the facts have always been there, but my own experience has sheltered me from the kind of apprehension of them that has come from listening to the news this summer with our cook as I drive her into town on Thursdays. She is a woman of sense and sensibility, an old friend, from whom I have had many a shrewd, amused, and amusing observation on life as she sees it in and out of our house. Now a sense of shame comes over me, and a constraint comes between us as, together, we listen to reports of statesmen declaiming that to propose giving her simple rights of citizenship (she lives in Virginia) is a cunning scheme to rule the South with Federal bayonets; or race riots in Chicago over a picnic; of a minister beaten in Tennessee while protecting colored children on their way to school; of two colored youths kidnaped and beaten for trying to buy ice cream at a wayside stand serving white people only.

To turn the radio off would be worse than leaving it on. So we sit through it in silence. It is a relief—even when I am alone—to have the exposition of this side of our culture end.

Shiny Morning Faces of Love

For end it does, back comes the music, and with it what is becoming an absorbing interest, the song of matutinal appeal for the American disc jockey. What does it portend? Something significant I am sure, but just what I do not yet venture to say. Here are some tentative findings.

First of all, there is no doubt at all that between nine and ten A.M. the American radio is concerned almost exclusively with love. All the other great subjects of song from the earliest ballad and Icelandic saga down don't add up to two per cent of the time. War songs, marching songs, patriotic songs, drinking songs, songs of old times, songs of laughter and of lament, lullabies, mother-and-home songs—they can't hold a candle to love. It seems a little like ending breakfast with a stiff bour-

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bon. But then, I once knew a Swedish entomologist who fortified himself for his morning with his net on beer, pickled raw herring, and goat's cheese. It's all in what one is used to.

But love songs, as sung over the morning radio, are quite a bit more varied in mood than one might imagine. In general they are keyed down, a sound concession to the hour so difficult for those whose zest for life gathers momentum slowly. Of this genre is the philosophical love song. The writer of one of these songs clearly was entrapped by the dilemma posed by Bishop Berkeley regarding the nature of reality. Can, for instance, a violet blush unseen when color is the effect produced on the retina of the eye by an object? This writer crashes right into the whole tangled mess. The issue about which he becomes lyrical is whether he loves his inamorata because she is beautiful or whether she seems to him to be beautiful because he loves her. Well, there you are. In my view, it's anyone's guess, though it might be a help to have a look at the girl before guessing. But my real puzzlement is over what difference it makes to him practically. Then, too, he ought to look at it from the girl's point of view.

Another type is the materialistic song, the one which believes that love can be bought. In one of these the troubadour promises to buy his lady a rainbow, and then in a burst of reckless extravagance throws in the moon, too. I am dead against this sort of idea being put in girls' heads. Some woman probably wrote it. It can lead to no end of trouble and might undermine the home.

"A Teenager's Romance" looks at the matter from a new and somewhat arresting point of view. To them, so he sings, love is only another facet of an old problem—their elders. This time the old spoilsports, who appear under the incognito of "they," have apparently insisted that the young Romeo and Juliet are not to be relied upon, as it is euphemistically put, to tell black from white. At first glance, "they" would seem to have something of a point, as the old man is probably trying to get him at least through high school unencumbered. Then one wonders how good, on the record, "they" are at telling black from white themselves. Most arguments between adults end by each telling the other that he is unable to do just that.

In the world of song "they" is a sinister concept. They can't take away the sunset, they can't take away the moon. "They" is what makes a man sorry for himself and usually is himself.

'Que Será Será'

The songs in which love poses an unusual, and often unique, problem have a special interest for me. One never knows how they are coming out. I have two in mind, one sung by a man, one by a woman. The man's song is called "It's Not for Me to Say." The title suggests a wide field, but what he picks out as not for him to say seems very odd indeed—it is that his girl loves him. This seems so reasonable a proposition that one wonders what bothers him. He goes on to explain. All he has to go on, he says, is hope, as he holds her in his arms and presses his lips to hers, that perhaps day by day this may blossom into love. But if this is not to be and if fate sends them on their separate ways never to meet again, it has all been worthwhile. This man takes whatever the future may bring without flinching.

The girl has a different problem. She warns us not to be misled by the cold gleam in her eye because down below the flames in her heart fairly roar—so much so, in fact, that she suggests alerting the fire department before the next meeting. A very fair girl, a little aghast at her own potential, greatly to be commended for giving a man a break by posting the notice "Road open. Proceed at your own risk."

This brings us to the last and proportionately much the largest category—the songs of unrequited love. The early-morning troubadours can't resist these. They begin with the revived and much-sung favorite entitled "I'm Going to Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter." Conduct otherwise incomprehensible is explained by a lady so indifferent that the postman doesn't even ring once. This pathetic case is followed by "Love Letters in the Sand," whose depressing message needs no elaboration, though of course "aches" and "breaks" furnish needed rhymes throughout. My son tells me of the acme of defeat in love that used to come over the radio to the men in the Pacific during the war, perhaps played by Tokyo Rose, containing the morale-building thought that the singer was born to lose and now was losing her. In "Dark Moon," unrequited love goes into an astronomical phase. Why, the moon is asked, is its splendor gone; and the anthropomorphic suggestion is advanced that perhaps it shares the sorrow of a lost love. The moon is too much of a lady to reply that she is at her darkest just before the new moon.

A final note of hope among the ruins is "Love in the Afternoon." Are its title and thought perhaps a little reminiscent of Hemingway? At any rate, it brings to those who see the shadows lengthening the hope that between them and the chill of the evening there may still be Something.

As I TURN into the garage and switch off the radio, I ponder the observation of Andrew Fletcher

of Saltoun that if a man could write the songs of a nation, he need not care who should make the laws. Is it possible that between legislators and minstrels the score at the top of the ninth is nothing to nothing, with two out and no hits?

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The Man with the Knives

A short story set in Germany after the war

HEINRICH BOLL

JUPP was holding the knife by the point of the blade and letting it swing idly from side to side. It was a long bread knife with a thin blade and one could see that it was sharp. With a sudden movement he threw it into the air. It went up, humming like a boat's propeller, cut through a patch of fading sunlight looking like a golden fish, struck the ceiling, lost its momentum, and fell sharply down, point forward, straight for Jupp's head, on which Jupp had, with the speed of lightning, placed a thick square of wood. The point of the blade went plunk into the wood and the knife stuck fast with its handle swinging in the air. Jupp took the piece of wood from his head, freed the knife, and flung it angrily at the door, where it stuck trembling in a panel till at last it swung itself out of its notch and fell to the floor.

"It's sickening," said Jupp softly. "My act is based on the self-evident principle that the public, when they pay their money at the door, prefer to see acts in which there is danger to life or limb, just as it was in the Roman circus—they want at least to know that blood *could* flow, do you follow me? But there's no danger in what I actually do." He picked up the knife and with a flick of the wrist sent it into the woodwork at the top of the window with such violence that the panes rattled and looked like they would fall out of their brittle frames. This throw, sure and masterly, reminded me of the dreary war days when he used to send his pocketknife climbing up and down the wooden supports in the air-raid shelter. "There's nothing I wouldn't do," he went on, "to give the public a thrill. I'd cut my ears off to please them, if only I could find someone to stick them on again. I couldn't live without ears. I'd sooner spend the rest of my life in prison. Now, come with me."

He pulled the door open, pushed me in front of him, and we walked out onto the staircase, on the walls of which rags of wallpaper were only to be seen in places where the paper was so tightly stuck to the wall that it was impossible to tear it off. The rest had gone to light stoves. Then we crossed a disused bathroom and came out on to a sort of terrace with a floor of broken concrete on which patches of moss grew here and there. Jupp pointed upwards and said: "Of course, the more headroom I've got for my knife, the better the performance goes, but I must have a ceiling for the knife to strike against so that it will lose its impetus and come straight down point foremost on my useless head. Look." He pointed upwards where the iron framework of a broken-down balcony projected into the air and said, "This is where I practiced —all day for a whole year. Watch me now." He sent the knife whizzing up. Its flight was marvelously steady and regular, as tireless as a bird's, then it struck the base of the balcony and shot down with breath-taking speed into the block of wood on Jupp's head. It must have given him a considerable jolt but Jupp didn't bat an eyelash. The knife point was an inch deep in the wood.

"BRAVO!" I cried. "That's a masterpiece. Your people must admit that that's an act worth seeing."

Jupp pulled the knife casually out of the wood and held it up. "Yes," he said, "I suppose they do. They give me twelve marks a night for playing around with my knife in between two longer numbers. But my act is too simple. A man, a knife, a block of wood—you follow me—there's no variety, no tension. I ought to have a half-naked woman on the stage with me and sling my knife a hairsbreadth past her nose. That would get them! But where can I find such a woman?"

We went back into the room and he laid the knife carefully on the table, with the square of wood beside it, and rubbed his hands. Then we sat down in silence on a chest by the stove. I took a hunk of bread out of my pocket and said, "Have some."

"Gladly," he said, "and I'll make some coffee and then you will come with me to the show and see my act."

He stuck some wood in the stove and put a saucepan over the opening. "I'm in despair," he said. "I think I look too serious—perhaps I do look a bit like a sergeant, what do you think?"

"Oh, nonsense. You've never been a sergeant and aren't a bit like one. Do you smile when they clap?"

"Obviously—and I bow too."

"I couldn't do that. I couldn't smile at a cemetery."

"You are quite wrong. That's just where you ought to smile."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean because they aren't really dead. No one is dead. Do you understand?"

"I understand what you say but I don't believe it."

"You've still got something of the lieutenant about you. Yes, of course, they're asleep for longer in a cemetery. But as for my public, I'm happy if I can amuse them. They are lifeless, so I tickle them a little and get paid for doing it. Perhaps one of them when he goes home after the show will not forget me. Maybe he will say to himself: 'Damn it, the man with the knives, he wasn't afraid and I'm always afraid, damn it'—for you know they are all afraid all the time. They drag their fear behind them like a leaden shadow and I am happy if I can make them forget it and laugh a bit. You see I have good reason to smile at them."

I said nothing and watched the water boiling. Jupp poured coffee into the brown enamel pot and we drank out of it in turn as we munched my bread. Outside it was slowly growing dark and the twilight flowed into the room like a flood of soft gray milk.

"What do you do for a living?" Jupp asked me.

"Nothing . . . I live from hand to mouth."

"That's a hard calling."

"Yes, to earn the bread we're

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eating I've had to break a hundred stones—casual labor they call it."

"Hmm . . . Would you like to see another of my tricks?"

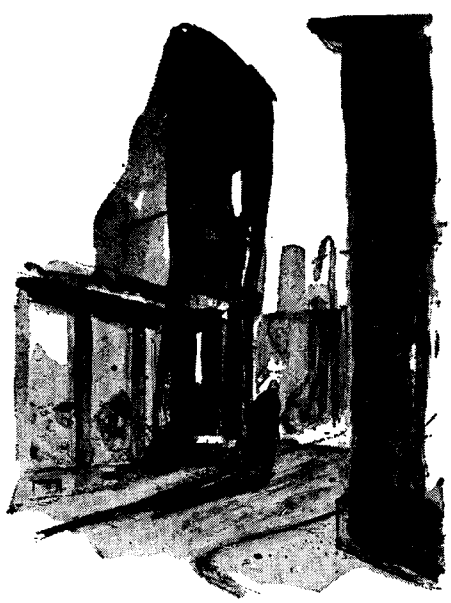
I nodded and he got up, switched on the light, and went to the wall where he pushed a hanging on one side showing the outline of a man roughly drawn in charcoal on the reddish surface. A curious boil-like eminence rising above the head of the figure seemed to represent a hat. When I came near I could see that the figure was drawn on a cleverly camouflaged door.

I BEGAN to be interested when Jupp pulled out from under his wretched bed a pretty brown box and placed it on the table. Before opening it he put four cigarette papers on the table, saying: "Roll a couple of fags with these."

I changed my place so that I could see him better and get more benefit from the warmth of the stove. While I was carefully laying out the cigarette papers, Jupp pressed a spring which opened the box and pulled out a curious sort of case. It was one of those roll-up cloth contraptions with a lot of pockets in which our mothers used to keep the knives and forks and spoons belonging to their trousseaux. He unfastened the catch and rolled it out on the table. It contained a dozen knives with horn handles of the kind which, in the days when our young mothers used to dance waltzes, were called hunting cutlery. I spread out the tobacco carefully on two slips and rolled a couple of cigarettes.

"Here you are," I said, handing them to Jupp, who handed one back to me, saying "Thanks." Then he showed me the whole of the case and said, "This is the only thing that I was able to save from my parents' belongings. Everything else was burnt, blown to pieces, or stolen. When I came out of prison, ragged and wretched, I possessed nothing—absolutely nothing—till one day a distinguished old lady who had known my mother sought me out and gave me this pretty little box. A few days before Mother was killed by the bombs, she had given her this little thing to look after and so it was saved. Funny, isn't it? But then, of course, one knows that when people are threatened with destruction they try to save the most peculiar things—never the most necessary ones. So I became the possessor of this box and its contents, which originally consisted of the brown coffeepot, twelve forks, twelve knives, and twelve spoons—oh, and the big bread knife as well. I sold the spoons and forks and lived on the proceeds for a year, while I was learning to use the knives, the whole thirteen of them. Watch me!"

I passed him the taper with which I had lit my cigarette. Jupp lit his own and stuck it onto his lower lip. Then he fastened the loop of the case to a button high up on the shoulder of his jacket and let the case unroll itself along his arm, looking like some fancy war decoration. Then with incredible rapidity he picked the knives out of their case, and before I could properly follow the motion of his hands he had flung all twelve of them at the shadowy figure on the door, which reminded me of those ghastly swinging figures, the precursors of final defeat, which we used to see hanging from every advertisement pillar and



at the corner of every street. I looked and saw that there were two knives in the man's hat, two over each shoulder, and three neatly outlining each of his arms . . .

"Crazy," I said. "Absolutely crazy! What an act that would make with a little building up!"

"Yes, but it needs a man—a live man—or better still a woman, and that," he said as he pulled the knives out of the door and put them carefully back in the case, "that is what I shall never find. The women are too frightened and the men too dear. I can quite understand that. It's a dangerous job."

Jupp took another pull at his flimsy cigarette and threw the scanty remnant behind the stove.

"Come," he said, "I think we ought to be going." He put his head out of the window, murmured "It's raining, damn it," and added, "It's a few minutes before eight and I come on at half past."

As he was packing the knives in the little leather box I put my face to the window and looked out. I heard the gentle sound of the rain as it fell on the ruined houses, and behind a line of swaying poplars I heard the screech of passing streetcars. But I couldn't see a clock anywhere.

"How do you know what time it is?" I asked.

"By instinct. That's part of my training." I looked at him uncomprehendingly. He helped me on with my overcoat and then put on his own windbreaker. I have a damaged shoulder and can only move my arm within a limited range, just enough for breaking stones. We put on our caps and went out into the dim passage. It was a comfort to hear the quiet sound of voices and laughter from somewhere in this lonely house.

AS WE WENT down the stairs Jupp said, "I have taken a lot of trouble to get on the track of certain cosmic laws." As he spoke he put down his box on a step and stretched out his arms on either side of him, looking like Icarus as we see him in the old pictures, taking off for a flight. On his sober face there was a strange expression, at once cool and dreamy, half possessed and half calculating—a magical look that filled me with fear. "So," he said quietly, "I stretch out my hands into the air and I see them growing longer and longer till they penetrate into a region where other laws apply. They pass through a veil behind which lie strange enchanting thrills which I grasp—just grasp—and then I clutch the laws which govern them, like a happy thief, clasp them to myself and carry them away with me!" He clenched his

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hands and pressed them to his body. "Come along," he said, and his face resumed its old prosaic expression. I followed him in a dream.

OUTSIDE, the rain was falling steadily. The air struck cold and we turned up our collars and shrank shivering into ourselves. An evening mist streamed through the streets already tinted with the blue-black darkness of night. In the basements of many of the blitzed houses one could see a faint and pitiful candlelight showing beneath the black ruins that overlay them. The street turned inperceptibly into a muddy track with dim wooden shanties barely visible in the darkness to right and left, which seemed to be floating in the uncared for gardens like threatening junks in a shallow backwater. Then we crossed the car tracks and walked down a narrow lane leading to the suburbs, where a few houses were still standing in the midst of heaps of rubble and debris, till we suddenly came out into a lively, populous street. We moved along with the stream of people on the pavement for a while and then turned off down a dark lane, where the brightly illuminated sign of the Seven Mills was reflected on the wet asphalt.

The entrance to the vaudeville theater was empty, as the show had started some time ago, and we heard the buzz of voices from the inside coming to us through the shabby red curtains.

Jupp laughed as he showed me a photo of himself in cowboy outfit hanging between the pictures of two dancing girls with spangles all over their chests. Below it stood the words "The Man with the Knives."

"Come along," said Jupp, and before I realized what I was doing I found myself walking down an unsuspected passage and climbing a narrow, winding, ill-lit staircase in which the smell of sweat and make-up betrayed the nearness of the stage. Jupp, who was leading the way, suddenly stopped at a bend in the staircase; he set down his box and putting his hands on my shoulders asked me in a low voice: "Have you got the nerve?"

I had long been expecting this question, but its suddenness frightened me. I expect I didn't look

very brave when I answered, "The courage of despair!"

"That's the right kind," he said, suppressing a laugh. "Are you game?"

I was silent, and then suddenly we heard a storm of wild laughter from inside the house. It was so loud and violent that I started and found myself trembling.

"I'm afraid," I said softly.

"So am I," he answered. "Have you no confidence in me?"

"Yes, of course I have but . . . Come on," I said hoarsely, pushing him forward, and added, "It's all one to me."

We came up into a narrow corridor with a number of plywood compartments on either side. A few gaily clad figures were moving about, and through a gap in the wings I saw a clown on the stage opening his cavernous mouth. We heard once more a wild burst of laughter from the audience, but then Jupp pulled me into a compartment and shut the door behind us. I looked around me. The compartment was very small and almost unfurnished. There was a mirror on the wall, and Jupp's cowboy kit was hanging on a solitary nail, while an old pack of cards lay on a rickety chair. Jupp was in a hurry: he was also nervous. He helped me off with my wet overcoat, slapped down his cowboy suit on the chair, and hung up my coat and his windbreaker on the nail. Over the partition wall of our cabin I could see a red-painted Doric column with an electric clock on it that pointed to twenty-five minutes past eight.

"Five minutes more," murmured Jupp as he pulled on his costume. "Shall we have a rehearsal?"

There was a knock on the door and someone called, "Get ready."

Jupp buttoned up his jacket and put on his Wild West hat. I said with a hysterical laugh, "Do you want to hang the condemned man experimentally before you finally execute him?"

Jupp took hold of his box and drew me out of the compartment. In the passage we found a bald-pated man watching the end of the clown's act. Jupp whispered something in his ear that I didn't catch. The man looked up with a frightened expression. Then he stared at me and looked at Jupp again and shook his head emphatically. Jupp whispered to him again.

FOR MY PART I didn't care what happened to me. They could make a pincushion of me if they wanted to. I had a groggy shoulder; I had just smoked a flimsy; and next morning I had to break seventy-five stones for which I should get three-quarters of a loaf of bread. But tomorrow . . . The act was over and the applause flooded into the wings. The clown reeled out through the opening with a weary, drawn face and came up to us. He stood waiting for a few seconds with a morose expression and then went back onto the stage and bowed to the audience with a friendly smile. The orchestra played a flourish and Jupp went on whispering to the man with the bald head. The clown went back three times to bow and smile at his applauding public. Then the band began to play a march and Jupp, carrying his box, walked onto the stage with firm steps. He was greeted with a few perfunctory claps. Then I watched with weary eyes while Jupp fixed up the cards on a row of nails and pierced each one of them with his knives exactly through the center. The applause became livelier but was still half hearted. Then to the soft accompaniment of gently tapping drums, he went through his performance with the bread knife and the wooden block, and in spite of my indifference I noticed that it was a bit

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thin. On the other side of the stage I caught sight of a few scantily dressed girls staring at the show from the wings, and then the man with the bald head caught hold of me and dragged me on to the stage, saluted Jupp with a flourish, and said with a stage policeman's voice: "Good evening, Mr. Borgalewski."

"Good evening, Mr. Clodpuncher," said Jupp in duly solemn tones.

"I have brought you here a horse thief, an out-and-out rascal, Mr. Borgalewski. We want you to tickle him a bit with those smart-looking knives of yours before we hang him." His voice seemed to me ridiculous, mean and artificial at the same time—like paper flowers and cheap face paint. I threw a glance at the audience and saw in front of me a dim, dully gleaming, tense, thousand-headed monster sitting in the darkness ready to spring. From that moment I heard nothing.

Nothing mattered a damn any more. The glare of the spotlights dazzled me, and in my shabby suit and wretched gaping shoes I might well have passed for a horse thief.

"Leave him to me," said Jupp. "I'll soon settle his hash."

"Good, I'll leave you to take care of him. Don't spare the knives."

JUPP grabbed me by the collar while Mr. Clodpuncher shambled off the stage with a grin on his face. A piece of cord flew on to the stage from somewhere and then Jupp tied me to a Doric pillar in front of one of the blue-painted doors that led into the wings. I had a strange delirious feeling in which indifference was uppermost. On my right I heard the curious, many-voiced murmuring of the excited audience and perceived that Jupp had been quite right when he spoke of their blood lust, which hovered trembling in the sweet, stale atmosphere, while the tense drumming of the band, keyed to a kind of voluptuous cruelty, enhanced the impression of a terrible tragicomedy in which real blood would flow—blood that the management had paid for. I looked straight ahead of me and let myself slump, but the tightly fastened cord held me upright. The drumbeats grew softer and softer as Jupp, with professional neatness, drew the knives out of the playing cards and placed them in his case, looking at me the while with an expression of melodramatic contempt. Then, when he had put all his knives away, he turned to the audience and said in an affected voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am now going to crown this gentleman with knives, but I want you to see that my knives are by no means blunt," and as he spoke he fished a piece of string out of his pocket and, with uncanny calm, took the knives one after the other out of the case and, touching the string with each, cut it into twelve pieces. Then he replaced each knife carefully in its pocket.

All this while I was looking over his head, past the half-naked girls in the wings, and, as it seemed to me, into a new life.

The air was electrified by the excitement of the public. Jupp came up to me and pretended to tighten the cords that bound me and as he did so he whispered: "Keep absolutely still—not a move—and don't be afraid, old fellow."

His delay in getting to work had relieved the tension, which looked as if it might fizzle out, but then he suddenly clutched the air and waved his hands like softly whirring birds. Over his face came that expression of magical repose which had so overwhelmed me on the staircase.

At the same time his face and his gestures seemed to hypnotize the audience. I thought I heard him give a strange, alarming groan and realized it was a warning signal to me.

I called back my eyes from the infinite distance in which they had been swimming and focused them on Jupp, who was now standing straight in front of me. Then he raised his hand and slowly grasped the case. The moment had come. I stood still, absolutely still, and closed my eyes.

It was a wonderful feeling—lasting only a few seconds, I don't know how many. As I heard the soft hissing of the knives and felt their wind as they whizzed past me into the door, I seemed to be walking on a narrow plank over a bottomless abyss, walking safely and surely but fully conscious of the danger. I was afraid, but knew that I would not fall. I did not count the knives but found myself opening my eyes just as the last knife pierced the door a hairsbreadth from my right hand.

A storm of applause roused me from my trance. I opened my eyes wide and looked into Jupp's pale face. He ran up to me and unfastened me with nervous hands. Then he dragged me into the middle of the stage, right up to the footlights. He bowed and I bowed and, in the midst of the swelling applause, he pointed to me and I to him. Then we smiled at one another and bowed, smiling, to the public.

Back in the dressing room, we didn't say a word. Jupp threw the perforated pack of cards onto the chair, took my coat from its nail, and helped me on with it. Then he hung up his cowboy costume and put on his windbreaker. We both put on our caps and as I opened the door the man with the bald head hurried up to us saying, "Salary raised to forty marks!" He handed Jupp a few banknotes. At that moment I understood that Jupp was now my boss and we looked at one another and smiled.

JUPP took my arm and we walked side by side down the narrow, ill-lit stairs that smelled of stale grease paint. When we had reached the exit Jupp laughed and said, "Now we'll buy cigarettes and some bread . . ."

It was at least an hour before I realized that I now had a regular profession—a job in which I had nothing to do but to submit myself and dream a bit, for twelve seconds, or twenty, maybe. I was now the man the knives were thrown at.

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Public Masks And Private Eyes

MARYA MANNES

EVEN a formless society like ours has postures: attitudes that are worn like masks by a faceless public in lieu of expression. This observation was prompted by a span of twenty-four hours that included a television program, an art exhibition, a press cocktail party, and a movie preview. They had no connection with each other, but they did have a common denominator: a set of postures.

The television program was an interview by Mike Wallace of a private detective, Fred Otash, retained by a Hollywood agency involved in scandal. The form of such interviews is by now not only familiar to most viewers but adopted by most networks: the documentary "evidence" of published reports on, or quotes by, the subject; the assumption of objectivity on the interviewer's part; the staccato prodding and probing. Beyond and through this, though, another kind of posture emerges, an uglier one. This is the exploration – and exploitation – of immorality under the guise of a moral service. You ask a Peeping Tom what a Peeping Tom sees and then show revulsion. You "expose" prurience, feeding it to the public in large doses, but keep your nose clean by condemning it. Mr. Wallace is not alone in this; the "better" newspapers and publications have dwelt just as lovingly on the *Confidential* story. It is an increasingly familiar method of having your cake and eating it, the cake in some instances being carrion. Call it the posture of exposure.

THE POSTURES of the art world are apparent, of course, at any exhibition, and never more so than in the presence of an acknowledged modern master, Picasso. A return to the Museum of Modern Art after several months revealed the same attitudes of devotion or authority, of carefully suppressed bewilderment (only hicks are surprised or repelled) or of hopeless humility. People have for so long been trained to blame themselves for incomprehension that they dare not question or reject what they do not understand or like, especially if "great" is part of the label. Pictures can scream at them or spit at them or laugh at them, and they will stand there silent, not even permitting themselves the thought that some experiments of a master can fail. You might call it the posture of self-abasement, the ultimate loss of face.

WE MOVE ON, then, to the press cocktail party given by a television network. It doesn't matter which network, although this party was distinguished by the fact that NBC was celebrating the inauguration of a new variety program by bandleader Nat "King" Cole, the first Negro ("we're not making an issue of it") to have his own show. It took place in the dining room of the executive suite, and on the wall-to-wall carpet dense clots of people, mostly male, squeezed toward and past a generous bar. The posture is that you do not talk about the show. You drink, you stand, you look, you squeeze, and if you find someone you know you talk about anything else. The attendant chorus at these masques are the public-relations boys: young men who have already become faceless through the abrasion of good-fellowship. They are soundproofed, like the rooms, and enriched. They greet you cordially without seeing you. Press parties like this are quite expensive, and the melancholy suspicion that they are not worth it is part of the posture.

A World Increasingly Split

The movie preview was of a Mexican film called *The Roots*, and here the posture was in the picture rather than in the audience. *The Roots* consists of four vignettes of life among Mexican Indians, and offers further proof that sensitive photography of primitive faces in primitive country can be highly rewarding. There has been no abrasion here: These people really *have* faces, even if their range of expression is limited. And certainly their own postures—the extraordinary blend of pagan and Christian, of death and joy—are fascinating material. But what interested this viewer most in the film, perhaps, was the constant implication of the moral superiority of the noble savage over the civilized white, a concept with obvious pertinence to a world increasingly split by color. The two white people in *The Roots* are ridiculous. One is an American student of anthropology called Jane Davis, who comes to Mexico to write a thesis on the Tzotzil Indians, and the other is a "European" archaeologist called Eric, who explores the ruins of the Tajin pyramid.

It may be that producer Manuel Barbachano hoped to introduce a note of sex when he put the wife of director Alazraki in the part of Jane, but it would be hard to find anyone less like an American female anthropologist than this worldly lady with long blond locks, or any character more obtuse in the pursuit of her studies. It is not hard to understand why the Indians fled from her.

As for Eric, the mournfully raddled archaeologist, he is consumed with lust not for artifacts but for an Indian maiden named Xanath, and although she is beautiful, his panting scramble after her over pyramids is ludicrous. So is a scene on a wet beach where she bashes him over the head with a rock to discourage his assaults. He not only survives this treatment but later tries to buy her from her father, "to improve the inferior Indian stock with cross-breeding." With noble contempt, the Indian offers to pay twice as much for Eric's wife, for the same purpose. This is too much for Eric, who shuffles away a broken man.

The Roots has won several prizes—at Cannes, at Venice, and in Mexico, where it was voted the best picture of 1956. We may be unduly suspicious in wondering whether the reason was fine photography of primitive people or just one more posture of hostility to the western world.

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The Juke Box In the Abbey

BARBARA VEREKER

THE THIRTEENTH Duke of Bedford, currently pursuing a merry career as the Mike Todd of the British aristocracy, is beginning to pose a number of problems for other owners of England's stately homes. Taking the view that the pursuit of history need not be a solemn affair, he has equipped his ancestral home, Woburn Abbey, with tourist attractions ranging from swings and merry-go-rounds for the children to a milk bar complete with juke box in what used to be the ducal stables.

Aware of the power of advertisement, the duke has appeared on several television programs, endearing himself to viewers by admitting, "I like being a duke." At a time when many aristocrats seem almost sheepish about their titles it was very widely regarded as welcome frankness.

On a good day between fifteen and twenty thousand people visit Woburn, at half a crown a head. The duke has many more plans for their entertainment. "But I don't intend to announce them yet," he says, adding wickedly, "or the Duke of Marlborough will be copying them over at Blenheim."

The chances of the Duke of Marlborough doing anything of the sort seem remote. I have no idea what the Duke of Marlborough thinks of the activities at Woburn, but a good many people in the upper and middle classes regard them as lamentably commercial and extremely undignified. However, with attendance figures at Woburn topping those of any other stately home, the question of competition cannot be entirely ignored. It is entertaining to speculate on the heart searchings that may be going on in noble households.

Will the magnificent Van Dycks be sufficient draw, or should there be another snack bar? Are the Gainsboroughs going to be enough in themselves, or should boating be allowed on the lake? It may well be a portent of things to come that a few weeks ago the Marquess of Bath presented a prize of one hundred pounds to the millionth tourist to visit his home, Longleat.

Wallabies Among the Cedars

The Duke of Bedford's family, the Russells, have lived at Woburn for more than three hundred years. A vast mansion forty miles from London in the county of Bedfordshire, it is surrounded by a two-thousand-acre park where herds of rare deer graze under ancient oak trees and unexpected animals like wallabies and American bison roam at large. There is also the only existing herd of European bison. Swans and geese swim on some of the thirteen lakes, and rare birds like the South American ostrich and the brilliantly feathered Amherst pheasant from

China run through the long grass. In the spring and early summer, acres of bulbs and rhododendrons bloom. There are trees from all parts of the world, including giant cedars of Lebanon and silver-leafed pines like Christmas trees touched with snow.

In 1547, when the Russells were given Woburn, the whole property was valued at just over a hundred pounds. Today, in addition to his estate at Woburn, the duke owns land in London and Devon. On paper its value is something like $23 million.

Yet the Duke of Bedford could not maintain Woburn if he did not open it to the public. When his father died in 1953 there was $14 million in death duties to be paid. Woburn Abbey itself costs about $123,000 a year to run. At the moment the duke is having to spend $700,000 on repairs, and even in a normal year the annual bill for roof repairs and heating alone is around $8,500. This year he is hoping to net about $140,000 from the tourists, all of which will have to be devoted to maintenance. Any profit he may make in subsequent years will have to go into a reserve for the same purpose.

It is impossible nowadays to maintain England's great houses and estates on what is left of private incomes after taxation. Some of their owners have sold them, some continue to live in them as tenants of the National Trust, to which they have given their houses to be preserved for their historic value and supported indirectly by the taxpayers. Others, like the Duke of Bedford, are determined to pay their own way, raising the money as best they can. That is why, however much the fun and games at Woburn may pain the more pompous traditionalists, the attitude of the general public is expressed in the phrase "Good luck to him."

THE CRITICISM most often leveled at the present duke is that his innovations upset the traditional calm of the place. Up to a point they do, but there is plenty of room for everyone. Those who go to Woburn to look at the fine furniture and magnificent pictures are not obliged to visit the milk bar. Those who want to linger in the state apartments looking at the great ornate bed where King Charles I slept are not compelled to move on to the boating lake. You cannot hear rock 'n' roll in the library. The swings and slides and tearooms, the stand where the duke sells souvenirs, and the pets corner where the children ride on ponies and a llama are all more or less confined within a single area from which aesthetes may avert their eyes. The people enjoy it all, so quite apparently does the gregarious duke, and that seems justification enough.

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The Man Who Would Not Keep Silent

LEWIS GALANTIERE

THE NEW CLASS: AN ANALYSIS OF THE COMMUNIST SYSTEM, by Milovan Djilas. *Praeger. $3.95.*

The Djilas book is important not only as a weapon in the anti-Communist struggle but as a symptom of the disarray in the Communist orbit, where ideology has come into conflict with the needs of the new industrial society. Communism can go all out for industrialization and neglect the peasants; but then if the urban industrial centers are to be fed, concessions must be made to the peasants. Furthermore, the book confronts the Yugoslav leaders with a cruel choice: Either they must mend their ways faster than they intended and thus probably sharpen their conflict with Moscow, or they must go after Comrade Djilas in the Stalinist fashion and perhaps jeopardize the good will not only of idealists à la Nehru but of European Socialists and the United States.

Ever since Tito broke with Stalin in 1948, the Yugoslav leaders have been poised uncomfortably on the horns of a dilemma. One horn was Communist ideology—and about this there was not, I think, any deep difference between Djilas and his colleagues. The other was the institutions of Communism—and even here the difference did not seem altogether irreconcilable.

For nearly ten years, the Yugoslav leaders have tried to prove that they could be Communist and at the same time respect some democratic liberties. Their Sixth Party Congress (November, 1952) declared that "the suppression of differences of opinion can only make more difficult the progress of science and culture. Democracy is expressed in differences of opinion . . . through equal rights for those with different points of view." Vice-President Edvard Kardelj, who was to play in effect the role of prosecutor in the Djilas case, said in 1953: "It is an old maxim that whatever requires force to be kept alive is incapable of living." When Tito wanted to express his distaste for something the peasants were determined to have none of, he spoke of "the abominable system of compulsory deliveries which I hated with all my heart." As early as 1951, Vice-President Aleksander Rankovitch had attacked "Communists who believe that they possess special rights and privileges not accorded nonparty members," thus anticipating the core of Djilas's rejection of Communism, which is not its Marxism but its "bureaucratism," its breeding of the privileged man, the "new class."

Fifteen Interminable Articles

Now Djilas appears to be in serious trouble. For the first time (I believe) he is being accused in the way a Politburo accuses a comrade it means to get rid of. He has not yet been called an "imperialist agent," but *Borba*—the Yugoslav *Pravda*—arraigned him on August 11 as a man "embraced by the international reaction . . . a demoralized man who has betrayed his movement and his country," the author of a polemical work "supported by organized big advertising and unmatched quantities of money." His crime is to have lent himself to "a new attempt at brutal interference in our internal affairs."

This, I say, is new. When Djilas decided in 1953 to challenge his own party publicly, *Borba* gave him space for fifteen interminable articles between November 1 and the following January 4. He is no Jeffersonian, of course. What this primitive and confused Marxist seemed to want was a régime of competing socialist parties. Yet four years ago he was already provocative enough. "Our bureaucratism," he wrote, "because it is 'socialist,' cannot avoid being a bit Stalinist, being to some extent Yugoslav Stalinism. Therefore it stinks with the same ideological odor. . . ." Or: "No one party or group, no one class, even . . . can arrogate to itself the right to sole management of the productive forces, and not be guilty of enslaving human beings."

Except for the denial of party or class "leadership," few in Yugoslavia disagreed with Djilas at the time. In the very midst of this campaign he was elected president of the National Assembly. His colleagues were afraid to engage him in open duel in the press. But when, on January 6, 1954, he published in his friend Vladimir Dedijer's magazine, *Nove Misao*, an article attacking the wives of the party leaders as snobs who gave themselves bourgeois airs and had snubbed "a beautiful young actress" whom a general had made the *faux pas* of marrying, the scandal became too great to be ignored. A plenum of the central committee was held on January 17-18 and Djilas was judged.

The plenum was not secret; its proceedings were fully reported in *Borba*. Great latitude was permitted the participants. The discussions were highly personal and not rigid examination of dogma. Concerning Djilas's central complaint—bureaucratism—Tito agreed that "even before the Djilas case, there was an accumulation of evidence and proof on the basis of which we should have acted energetically." Dedijer was allowed to assert that "Until a few days ago, Djilas's views . . . were more or less accepted by the majority of those here present." Even Kardelj was not malevolent. "I do not contend," he said, "that there is no bureaucratism in our country; but bureaucratism *as a system* does not exist." And after saying that the party had to fight on two fronts, against bureaucratism and against anarchic tendencies, he concluded by charging that what Djilas wanted was "western democracy . . . a step backward that would end up as the rejection of socialism."

Djilas began by counterattacking: "The Communist League [i.e., the Yugoslav party], as it exists today, is for me really the main obstacle to democracy in our country." He ended by bowing to the will of the plenum and agreeing that it was "right in its opposition to my position" and that "it does, in fact,

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follow an anti-bureaucratic line." He was let off lightly: deprived of office, ostracized but not expelled from the party, and his ideas were formally condemned. It is said that he was given permission to engage in "literary activities" but not in politics.

But Djilas could not remain silent. He was arrested in January, 1955, for "propaganda hostile to the state" and given a suspended sentence of eighteen months. In May, 1956, he wrote to the New York *Times* that the state publishing monopoly had refused to bring out a manuscript of his. In November he was finally jailed for taking issue in the *New Leader* and in the European press with Tito's shifty defense of the Soviet rape of Hungary and, probably, for this bold statement: "The experience of Yugoslavia appears to testify that national Communism is incapable of transcending the boundaries of Communism as such. [It] can merely break away from Moscow . . . and construct essentially the identical Communist system."

Defiance and Encouragement

It goes without saying that many of Djilas's words will make a profound impression in eastern Europe:

"Communist régimes are a form of latent civil war between the government and the people."

"The worker finds himself in the position of having not only to sell his labor; he must sell it under conditions which are beyond his control, since he is unable to seek another, better employer."

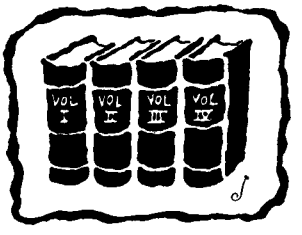
"Most of the individuals in the Communist system are not opposed to socialism but opposed to the way in which it is being achieved—this confirms the fact that the Communists are not developing any sort of true socialism."

Not only in Poland and in occupied Hungary but in every satellite state the best talents, the most energetic natures, have long been aware of these things. Some do not at this moment feel themselves free to act; some are free to act within limits; many of the elites are not ready to go all the way with Djilas; but all will take comfort and encouragement from his defiant stand—perhaps we should say self-sacrifice.

The Jewish Hero In American Fiction

GEORGE R. CLAY

EVER SINCE Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* appeared in the fall of 1953, a new kind of Jewish novel—what might be called the *relaxed* Jewish novel—has been making the best-seller lists with notable regularity. Herman Wouk's *Marjorie Morningstar* dominated the 1955 fall fiction list and carried over well into 1956. Gerald Green's *The Last Angry Man,* which came out last winter, is still going strong. J. B. Lippincott, having confidently allotted $10,000 for initial advertising, has just published Myron S. Kaufmann's *Remember Me to God,* a 640-page first novel about a middle-class Boston Jewish family with a troublesome son at Harvard. If, as I suspect, Mr. Kaufmann's entry joins the front runners and paces them into 1958, the New Jewish Novel will be well on its way to becoming as familiar



a best-seller category as Business or Biblical or Civil War novels.

The signature of this category is a kind of unself-conscious Jewishness that enlarges rather than confines the theme. In the past, Jewish fiction has tended to concern itself with matters outside the general fabric of American life. Parochial novels—these were in the great majority—dealt with the Jew as Jew; propaganda novels, usually on anti-Semitism, dealt with the Jew as victim; and the tough school (Budd Schulberg's *What Makes Sammy Run?* is an early example) with the Jew as monster. There was also a fourth kind, which presented the Jew as clown.

But Jewish best-sellers of the past few years don't fit into any of these older classifications. Their authors have no particular ax to grind, either polemic or nostalgic. They are not intent on isolating the protagonist or in shocking the reader. They involve their characters simultaneously and, as it were, indiscriminately in problems and experiences that are Jewish and those that are not Jewish at all. In fact, it is arguable that the Jew—not as victim or monster or clown but, quite simply, as representative American—has finally arrived.

Certainly Augie March has all the irrepressibly optimistic, militantly foot-loose qualities which are directly opposite to the stereotyped conception of the Jew, all the conscientious ingenuousness and stubborn idealism which Europeans consider so exasperatingly American. Marjorie Morningstar, despite the slapstick versions of Jewish ritual with which Mr. Wouk interlarded his tale, remains that most reliable of native clichés, the pretty undergraduate who wants to follow the glamour circuit and settle in New Rochelle too. And Mr. Green's quixotic G.P., Dr. Sam Abelman, comes straight from a lovable-crank tradition as old and nearly as hallowed as the Stars and Stripes.

The Colorless Apologist

If Jewishness has not been a limiting factor in these novels, what there is of it is at least concrete and authentic. Their heroes and heroines are not Gentiles in disguise—not the bland, neutralized public-relations manikins that postured mechanically through so many Jewish books (and plays, radio programs, and movies) during the decade of Hitler's greatest indirect influence on American popular entertainment, roughly from 1938 to 1948. Some of the books of this period, particularly Laura Z. Hobson's *Gentleman's Agreement,* were effective in a nonliterary way, and no doubt all of them were

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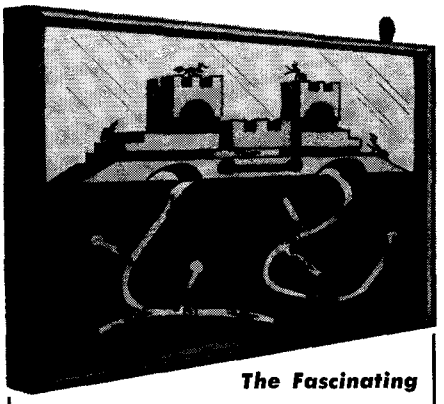

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sincere; but in bending over backward to avoid the least implication that Jews are any different from anybody else, the polemic novelists leached all traces of vitality from their protagonists.

Jewish physical traits, Jewish references, even the word itself became taboo. At one point in Gwethalyn Graham's 1944 best-seller *Earth and High Heaven,* the hero's Gentile fiancée realizes to her horror that she has been waiting for him "to do or say something 'Jewish.'" The author dressed "Jewish" in quotation marks, as if the naked concept were somehow a little embarrassing. In the wartime paperback reprint of Irving Shulman's *The Amboy Dukes* (a novel about Jewish juvenile delinquents), Bar Mitzvah became Confirmation, Goldfarb became Abbott; and the paperback of Jerome Weidman's *I Can Get It for You Wholesale* was toned down to the absurd point of having the villainous hero Harry Bogen's mother serve him pancakes instead of blintzes. In the movie version, Bogen was provided not only with a new meal but a new name, religion, and sex too. He became Harriet Boyd.

War novels and war movies didn't literally eliminate the Jew; what they did instead was to make him the member of the composite platoon who stood for all persecuted minorities, then blend him in as part of the Yankee cross section. This G.I. Jew bore a striking resemblance to his older brother: the CIO Jew in proletarian literature of the 1930's who was so skillfully blended with Poles, Swedes, and every other type-cast buck private of the labor movement. America, during the war as during the depression, was divided into good guys and bad guys. Just as the Jew in labor fiction played a role as formal and ritualistic as the big-hearted whore in any Western, so did the war-novel Jew. In Malcolm Cowley's words: "The Texan or Irishman creates dissension by his racial prejudice, but the Jew and the Mexican turn out to be heroes, the Texan is killed or converted, and the squad becomes a family of blood brothers."

A Jew *did* belong in the composite platoon. Harry Bogen *is* a kind of monster; it wasn't such a bad idea to change him into Harriet Boyd. But the whole process of de-Semitization was carried to such extremes that it threatened to defeat its original object. The prejudiced might well have questioned whether the Jewish soldier was always heroic; whether the Jewish civilian always behaved like Gregory Peck in the movie of *Gentleman's Agreement.* And even the unprejudiced were entitled to wonder whether these well-intentioned writers and producers were capable of envisioning a world in which the Jew might be accepted on his own terms—complete with background, neuroses, strengths, and weaknesses—rather than as an apologist for his people.

Exorcism by Ambiguity

The new Jewish novelists obviously believe in such a world. In addition to sympathetic protagonists such as Augie March, Marjorie Morningstar, and Dr. Sam Abelman, they have run through a fairly gruesome gamut of unsavory types: Harvey Swados's war profiteer Herman Felton in *Out Went the Candle;* Dr. Abelman's relentless next-door neighbors, the Baumgarts; Leon Solomon, the embittered intellectual opportunist in Howard Nemerov's *The Homecoming Game.*

Each of these unmistakably Jewish characters is a villain of sorts, and yet the Jew never really rises from the pages as a monster. The good guys are not all good, the bad guys not all bad, and there is a raft of medium guys: Augie's brother, Simon; Marjorie's boy friend, Noel Airman; Sam Abelman's close friend, Max Vogel.

Ambiguity, the same potion that exorcised the Jew as monster, has also been applied to the Jew as victim. Almost as soon as the war was over, the fictional treatment of anti-Semitism began to change. J. D. Salinger, Delmore Schwartz, and a good many others began publishing stories concerned not with dramatizing the fact of prejudice but with exploring the ambiguities of evil: its ironies, its attractions for its victim, even its humor. In Bellow's 1947 novel, *The Victim,* Asa Leventhal allows himself to be exploited. In *The Last Angry Man,* Abelman, like Leventhal, needs his attackers: He attracts and encourages them.

The complexities of Freud have

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replaced the simplicities of Marx so completely that even the Jew as clown has become aware of himself. Hyman Kaplan, Leonard Q. Ross's famous greenhorn, had no idea that people were laughing at him; but Marjorie Morningstar's Uncle Samson-Aaron can never for a moment allow himself to forget it.

IN THE AMBIVALENCE of their characterizations, and especially their basic if sometimes tortuous pride in Jewishness, the new writers seem closer to the heritage-conscious novelists of an earlier day than to the class-conscious authors of the Hitler decade. And yet this closeness is deceptive; the differences, including differences in readership, are enormous. With rare exceptions, the parochial novel never sold more than a few thousand copies; but Wouk, Bellow, and Green are best-selling authors.

Wouk's case is admittedly somewhat special. *The Caine Mutiny*, a 1951-1952 runaway best-seller and a non-Jewish novel despite its court-martial epilogue, unquestionably helped to boom the Jewish *Marjorie Morningstar*. It couldn't, however, have guaranteed *Marjorie* the No. 1 spot in 1955. As for Bellow and Green, neither began with any perceptible selling momentum, despite earlier publications. And these are just three authors. In the past year alone, domestic and imported novels with Jewish protagonists have been coming out on an average of one per month, and a quarter of these have been best-sellers.

Apart from the author's previous popularity rating, what has made the new novel "take" where its parochial counterpart didn't is its cogency. Augie Marjorie, and Sam Abelman are Jewish, and the classic Jewish themes of assimilation, self-hate, and anti-Semitism are implicit in their stories. But explicitly, the conflicts that actually propel the plot are considerably broader and more intrinsically dramatic to the general reader. They deal with the workings of a mass-communication industry, with career versus marriage, with the difficulties of remaining an individual in a conformist society.

The settings, too, have changed. Where the parochial protagonist was

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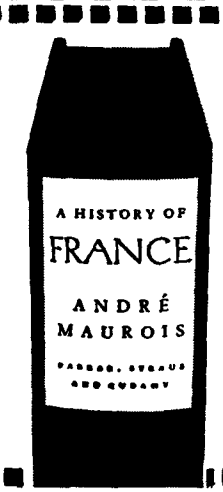

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almost always presented in a suffocatingly Jewish milieu, the modern one lives in a Gentile world: Abelman's neighborhood; Augie's continent. And the protagonists themselves—a stage-struck campus beauty, an embattled general practitioner—are apt to be American prototypes. They represent a kind of literary intermarriage just short of assimilation.

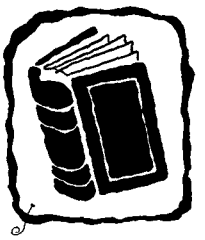
The Capacity to Accept

The end result of these changes is not by any means always good literature. In an open bid for best-sellerdom, the slickest of the new authors have written third-rate books about immediately recognizable heroes and heroines in stock situations. At the other extreme, there is a small dissenting minority (Adele Wiseman, with *The Sacrifice,* is one member) that has bucked the trend and written either enclosed melodramatic parables which deny the existence of any gap between the parochial past and the expansive present, or else wounded chronicles which recognize the gap but bitterly reject the present. Myron Kaufmann's *Remember Me to God*—the latest and despite a certain unevenness one of the finest of the post-war crop—is particularly interesting in that it successfully bridges the gap without resorting either to slickness or to wailing.

Ostensibly, the burden of Mr. Kaufmann's plot is carried by Richard Amsterdam, a good-looking Boston Jewish boy who goes to Harvard; makes the *Lampoon* (the mildly snobbish college funny magazine); becomes friends with its president, a clubman, who puts him up for the Hasty Pudding; rejects his Jewish Radcliffe girl friend for a down-at-the-heels debutante; becomes engaged to her over the violent objections of both families; seriously contemplates converting to Protestantism—and then is catapulted into a ripe climax brought about by his kid sister, Dorothy.

Assimilation, self-hatred, intermarriage, Judaism versus Christianity, father versus son: There is nothing in Richard's career that could not have been written about, thirty years ago, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Modern as Richard's conflicts are made to seem—and *Remember Me to God* is hypnotic reading—they place Mr. Kaufmann in the tradition of *Jewish* Jewish novelists. But Dorothy—and to a lesser extent Richard's father, Adam—is new. Or rather, Dorothy is as old and as new as any of the Jewish characters throughout literature who have made their own tradition. Like Augie March, Dorothy Amsterdam has the capacity to accept herself for what she is. And this capacity becomes, in the end, wonderfully contagious.

INDEED, it may be that the complete answer to why Jewish fiction is so popular today goes beyond plot, character, and milieu into the realm of values. Issues that have long been intensely alive for the Jew—his search for identity (What *is* a Jew?), his daily struggle to be regarded and judged as an individual—are coming more and more to occupy all mid-century Americans. The giant housing projects which have mushroomed across our country are, in a way, nondenominational ghettos: a crowding together of wanderers, of people on the way



up and on the way down. The determination to preserve a sense of individuality, which motivated Augie March, has a poignant relevancy for William H. Whyte's Organization Man. The search for identity, which dignifies Dorothy and nearly defeats Richard Amsterdam, in slightly different form obsessed the Gentile heroes of John P. Marquand's *Point of No Return* and Hamilton Basso's *The View from Pompey's Head.*

Identity and individuality are no longer specifically minority problems—though they have a personal urgency for the Jewish writer that lends depth to his best fiction.

If Mr. Kaufmann's novel sells, it will not be because its characters are stereotypes or because its action is slick—they aren't and it's not—but because it has something valuable to say, and says it well.

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BOOK NOTES: Many Souths

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

EVEN IN France they get a little tired of their literary South, even in Italy, just as we do here. When first discovered, any country's literary South is a great excitement, but that discovery necessarily grows less and less exciting when it is made again and again, generation after generation. It grows so much less exciting that it is replaced by a deep suspicion of any and every book written about any South whatever.

Thus the French no longer rush to read one novel simply because its action takes place in Marseilles and therefore can be presumed to be comic, or another simply because the narrative concerns the love of a goatherd for a shepherdess in the hills back of the Riviera and therefore can be presumed to be poetic. (It is true that the French are discovering a South that is still virginal, Algeria, which Camus writes about.)

The Italians, with the Southern resources of Sicily long since exhausted by Giovanni Verga (*I Malavoglia*) and Pirandello (*Novelle per un Anno*) as well as by Mascagni and Leoncavallo in their enthusiastic little operas, recently fell back upon their neglected Southern mainland. Ignazio Silone, Carlo Levi, and a host of younger explorers of dialect, folklore, and misery have overrun Lucania, Apulia, the Basilicata, and Calabria. To the northern Italian, everything south of Rome is Africa, but by now that Africa must have been thoroughly surveyed and mapped, and the charm of the familiar is somewhat less captivating.

Mistrust of the picturesque—any South is always picturesque to any North—follows the raptures of discovery. This suspicion, this reluctance to read books with Southern trappings, has the excellent effect of compelling Southern writers, along with tourists, salvationists, and literary profiteers exploiting the South, to write better and better if they want to be read.

In our own country, pillared mansions, Negro jokes—in pre-Civil War novels Negro slaves and horsewhipping—aristocratic ladies dancing with gentleman gamblers in the mansion hall, all these once sufficed almost in themselves to make a story. The slightest connective brought them into juxtaposition, and this could be, and usually was, of the simplest kind. These books were coasting down the hill where once stood *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. They have come to the bottom. Their failure is not commercial, for year after year there will be young people who have still to make their discovery of the South and can make it pleasurably through bad books as well as through good ones. Yet as a matter of literary history, easy times for Southern writers are past.

The reason the traditional Southern figures and landscapes no longer suffice in themselves is not that social and economic progress has rendered them obsolete or effaced them. They may seem to have gone, but no traditional figure ever disappears—unless the whole civilization, the Greek, the Aztec, in which he is a part disappears carrying him with it. And certainly in the United States many traditional Southern concepts, no matter how archaic their embodiment, have not disappeared and need only to be treated with some seriousness in order to become recognizable as enduring.

This is exactly what William Faulkner has done. He has breathed new life into the traditional Southern figures. Anyone who parades them lifeless and trite henceforth will be recognized immediately for what he is. Faulkner's new discovery of the South has brought back all the excitement of the first.

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from alien literatures or created out of nothing to project hysteria (Tennessee Williams) or brutality (Erskine Caldwell). They are there in this novel just as they have always been in the Southern legend all through the period when that legend found no true voice to narrate it comprehensibly. They are there, the Southern clichés and puppets, just as in that other South, in Sicily, the puppet knights and ladies, Saladino, Angelica, and Armida of Tasso's poem, hang in the closet awaiting the puppeteer to set them moving and speaking before the children crowding the hard wooden benches. Tom Tom the jealous Negro with the butcher knife, Major de Spain with the first speedster in town, Gavin Stevens the gentle lawyer, Eula the proud and passionate, or Snopes the intruder against whom the Southern code finds no defense—no sooner has one recognized them as traditional figures than they are made corporeal; the obvious is made subtle; the puppets live.

How does William Faulkner do it? If one could answer, that would be knowing why a man is a great writer. Gavin Stevens, the lawyer, is standing on a hill overlooking Yoknapatawpha County: ". . . yourself detached as God Himself for this moment above the cradle of your nativity and of the men and women who made you, the record and chronicle of your native land proffered for your perusal in ring by concentric ring like the ripples on living water above the dreamless slumber of your past; you to preside unanguished and immune above this miniature of man's passions and hopes and disasters—ambition and fear and lust and courage and abnegation and pity and honor and sin and pride—all bound, precarious and ramshackle, held together by the web, the iron-thin warp and woof of his rapacity but withal yet dedicated to his dreams." The knowledge of how great writing is achieved, supposing it could ever be reached, is surely less useful than one sentence—or even part of a sentence—by a great writer.

ALL THROUGH the Middle Ages pilgrims traveled southward to the Church of the Apostle St. James at Compostela on the northwestern tip of Spain. The body of the saint had been brought to Spain in a small vessel unassisted by any sailors—the beheaded saint holding his head in his arms—and when it was brought ashore by the people of Compostela and laid on a great rock, the rock opened to the measure of the saint's body in order to provide permanent and miraculous interment. Dr. Starkie enjoys all the legends concerned with Santiago. This is a book of digressions to be read in bits here and there and only now and then, but the seashells the pilgrims wore as proof of their pilgrimage were built up—they too—layer upon layer.

THE TOWN, by William Faulkner. *Random House. $3.95.*

THE ROAD TO SANTIAGO: PILGRIMS OF ST. JAMES, by Walter Starkie. *Dutton. $5.95.*

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT: A VICTORIAN MYSTERY, by Douglas Woodruff. *Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.75.*

THE TICHBORNE IMPOSTOR, by Geddes MacGregor. *Lippincott. $3.95.*

SOMETIMES it is an enigmatic pilgrim who returns from adventures far from spiritual in the South. In 1866 "The Claimant" returned to England from a claimed shipwreck in South America, from a claimed—and proved—impoverished residence in Africa, to urge his claim as heir to a rich old Catholic English family, the Tichbornes. That the homecomer was possibly a butcher's son, possibly an English gentleman, raised a question far more important to the British Victorian public than any excitement about mere money matters. The British lower classes hoped that the Claimant would turn out to be a gentleman, mainly because the British upper classes maintained that he looked and sounded like a butcher's son. The returning traveler failed in his claim and went to jail. Geddes MacGregor is sure he was a fake; Douglas Woodruff, a more precise, thoughtful, and graceful writer, believes that we will never know whether "The Claimant" had forgotten how to sound like a gentleman or had never quite learned how to manage to do so.

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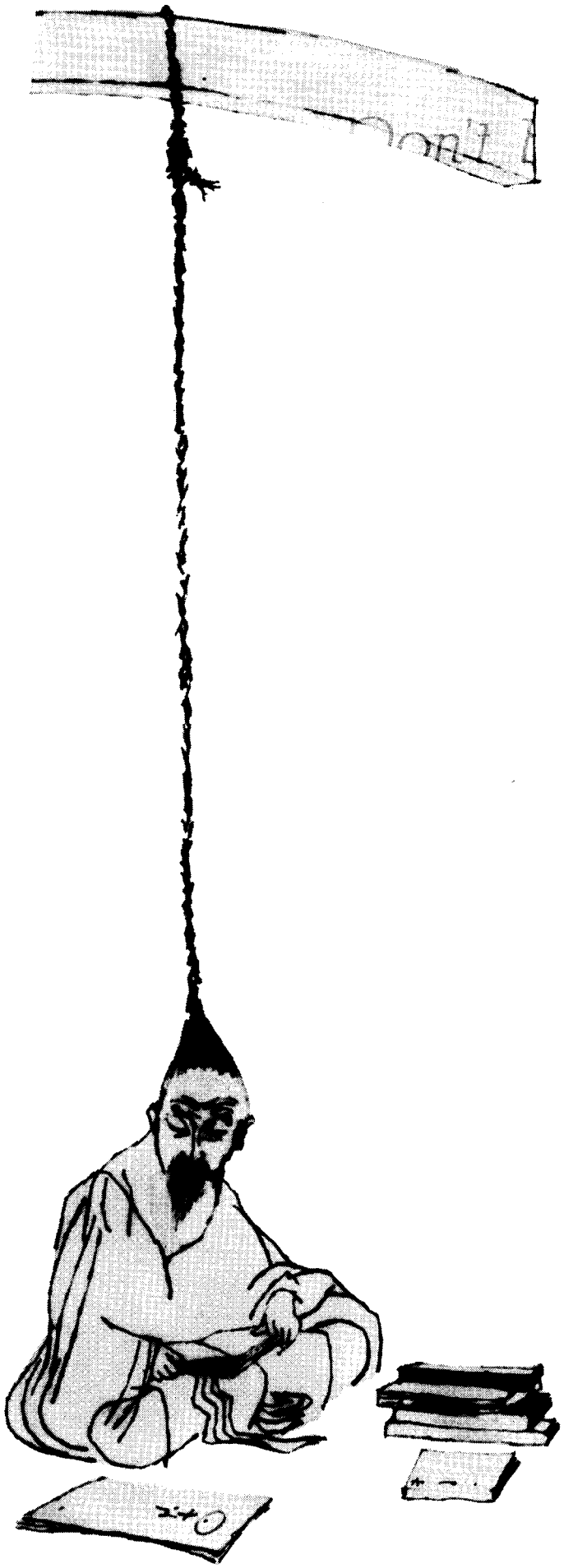

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